

# MALLOY OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

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## *MALLOY OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED*

Big Jim Malloy, six-foot-three Irish sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, knew when his patrol boat sank a German submarine in the St. Lawrence that there was little cause for rejoicing. For this was only the beginning of serious trouble—trouble that was to send Big Jim to Belcher Islands on the trail of one of the most bizarre capital crimes ever tracked down in the frozen North.

Eskimos on Belcher Island did not murder each other. Neither did the loyal inhabitants sabotage Canadian wheat ships bound for England. And it had been the only white inhabitant, level-headed Ernest Riddell, factor of the Hudson Bay Company, who had sent out the call for help from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Somewhere in the fanaticism surrounding 27-year-old Charley Ouyerack, an Eskimo who believed he was the reincarnation of the Messiah, Big Jim Malloy thought he saw the answer. But it was not until Big Jim had dug up enough evidence to bring Charley to trial for the murders that he was hot on the trail that was to lead to a thrilling and startlingly dramatic climax.

*To*

**C. R. S.**

*Who, though he's just crowding  
eight years, has already tramped  
the trails and sailed the  
rivers of Canada's  
forest country.*

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# Malloy of the Royal Mounted

By

CHARLES STODDARD

*Author of "THE TRAPPER OF RAT RIVER"*



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Malloy *of the* Royal Mounted



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# Foreword

Perhaps the most bizarre story of capital crime ever to come out of the Canadian Northland, is the case—as I have called it in my notebooks—“The Messiah in Mucklucks.” It is the account of the Eskimo killers of the Belcher Islands, and it won wide prominence in the Spring and Summer of 1941.

For those of my readers who are not familiar with the activities of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in this connection, I should like to mention that “The Messiah” was a twenty-seven year old Eskimo known as Charley Ouyerack. His belief that he was an Eskimo reincarnation of the Messiah led to a reign of terror in the Belcher Islands that spanned several months.

As in the case of “The Trapper of Rat River,” the angles in the real story of the investigation of the Eskimo killers on the islands off Great Whale River prompted me to make a thorough investigation, and to develop a fictionized version of what might have prompted Charley Ouyerack to assume the role of divinity.

The portion of the case describing the actual killings, the activities of the Mounted Police Constables,

of the Indian Agent, and of the Hudson Bay factor, are all taken from official Royal Canadian Mounted Police records of the case. Ernest Riddell, factor of the Hudson's Bay Company; Roy St. John, pilot of the Civil Aviation Branch, Department of Transport; Corporal G. B. Swaney, Inspector D. J. Martin, Corporal W. G. Kerr, Constable G. E. Dexter, Acting Corporal J. R. McFarland, Sergeant H. Kearney, all of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; Justice C. P. Plaxton, Counsellors R. A. Olmstead and J. P. Madden; and Dr. T. J. Orford are real people, and I have presented their actual connection with this case as accurately and sympathetically as possible.

All of the Eskimos mentioned are also real people and were actually involved in the case. Here again, as in the case of "The Trapper of Rat River" there were a number of unsolved angles to pique the curiosity of the fiction writer—questions which I have tried to answer logically and entertainingly in the pages of this book.

In presenting this second case from the records of Sergeant Jim Malloy, I hope that I have again given my readers a narrative delineating a man who is a typical representative of the greatest law-enforcement body in the world. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I hope you will like the way that Big Jim Malloy takes up the unanswered questions following the trial at Belcher Islands, and runs them through to their dramatic and exciting conclusion.

CHARLES STODDARD

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## Chapter 1

The Royal Canadian Patrol-boat *Petrel* curved in a wide arc across the broadening section of the St. Lawrence River near the Isle of Green between Rivière du Loup and Trois Pistoles. Under more normal conditions, there would have been a lively bustle on the river at this hour—nine o'clock at night. But this was war time. The familiar silhouettes of the great *Empress* and *Duchess* liners en route to Europe were missing. And so were the Clark steamers that used to sail by with all lights gleaming and bands playing, en route to Labrador and Newfoundland.

A few boats were astir up and down the river but, like the *Petrel*, they were shadowy shapes in the darkness. Their crews were men with firm jaws and sturdy muscles. Many men aboard these ships had known little of either motor-craft or steam before the Nazis' menace cast their shadow in fire and blood across the world. There were newcomers on the river—men had been lifted from their ordinary walks of life and brought together to fight the new World War.

One of these was big Jim Malloy, six-foot three,

Irish sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He stood in the prow of the *Petrel*, his firm jaw outhrust as he peered into the darkness ahead with eyes deeply set beneath shaggy brows. Beside him stood Lieutenant Arthur Comstock, one foot perched on a bight of rope, clad in the trim blue uniform of the Royal Navy. A pair of night glasses hung around his neck.

"See anything, Lieutenant?" big Jim Malloy asked.

"Not a thing," Comstock replied. "But I'm pretty sure René Le Compte's boat is up ahead there about a quarter of a mile. He left the dock at Tadoussac at the usual time tonight, and after hugging the shore up to Les Escoumains, he headed out into the river."

"René's probably up to his old smuggling tricks," the sergeant muttered. "But what he'd be smuggling now is more than I can see."

"Let's hope it's nothing worse than smuggling he's up to," Lieutenant Comstock said, looking worried. "Ever since they torpedoed that freighter in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Mounties uncovered those alien radio stations all along the river, we've been looking for something big to break. Something big—and rum." The lieutenant's jaw set firmly.

"I'm here to clamp the lid on, if it does," Sergeant Malloy promised.

Sergeant Jim Malloy—Big Jim to his intimates, and trouble-shooter extraordinary for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—had been brought into

the case for several reasons. First was the fact that the submarine menace must be directly assisted by Fifth Columnists based on land. Secondly, if the subs were getting fuel and supplies in Canadian waters, they must be coming from partisan sympathizers clever enough to run the gauntlet of the patrol boats constantly patrolling the St. Lawrence.

The Royal Mounted had been charged with taming smugglers before the war; and had done a first class job of it. Now, however, whatever these customs jumpers were up to was much more serious. René Le Compte held down a stellar position on the list of Big Jim Malloy's suspects; tonight, when he had loaded his shallow-draft power-boat with several barrels of fuel oil and battery parts, the news had been brought to Malloy at Tadoussac on the mouth of the Saguenay, under the lengthening shadows of Capes Trinity and Eternity.

The chase in the *Petrel* had followed at once. The Canadian patrol boat was not on a mere shadowing expedition either. At the stern, on a roller rack, lay four formidable-looking "ash-cans" capable of cracking the sides of the sturdiest submarine. A businesslike one-pounder pointed its snub nose over the bow of the ship, and a brace of machine guns stood up alongside the wheelhouse, mounted on a Scarff bracket, with a ball and socket swivel permitting fire in any direction. It was a purposeful armament, and chances were, they were going to need it.

Suddenly Big Jim dropped the glasses he had been

holding. Cautiously, he lowered his voice, for sounds traveled long distances over the choppy surface of the river. Malloy gripped Comstock's arm, cupped a hand over Comstock's ear, and whispered huskily:

"Look about five points off the port bow!"

Comstock obeyed. He stiffened. His hand went to the speaking tube before him, flipped open the whistler. His lips moved quickly.

"Half-speed to idling. Half-speed to idling. Gunners man your guns. Depth charges ready!"

Big Jim Malloy's hand flashed to his hip. His sturdy fingers flipped open the button of his holster, and his hand gripped the butt of his service pistol. The feel of the cold metal was good against his palm.

The sparkling stars that spanned the sky above did little to light the dark river, but less than a quarter of a mile ahead they could spot the bobbing form of a boat. They recognized René Le Compte's craft, anchored beside one of the channel buoys off St. Simon.

The motors of the *Petrel* were muffled. The voices of the crew lowered to an indistinct murmur as necessary instructions were relayed along. Then suddenly there was a moment's tenseness. Malloy forgot to breathe.

His ears strained to catch the sound of breaking surf. White water flashed on the bosom of the black river, and then a greenish black hull thrust up through the lapping waves.

"It's a submarine!" Malloy said.

"German, too, by the rig of it," replied Comstock. Then the *Petrel's* men broke into great activity. Shouted commands went from the lieutenant to the boatswain's mate. Big Jim Malloy turned to the searchlight, and his hand gripped the switch. Then he said:

"Lieutenant, we'd better pin them as they come out of the conning tower. That way they won't be able to reach the deck gun, and they won't submerge with the conning tower open."

"Good idea," Comstock replied. "Gun crew stand by. Pointblank range. Hold your fire!"

There was a metallic clang from across the water as the conning-tower dogs were unfastened, and the metal top was flung back. Then a figure was limned against the sky. Its head was crowned with a rakish German naval cap, and about the officer's neck as a protection against the cold winds of Spring was knotted a woolen muffler.

The officer stepped out of the conning tower onto the duckboards, followed by two other men. A guttural voice called:

"*Achtung, Herr Le Compte. Are you there?*"

"*Ja, Herr Kapitan!*"

Even as the words echoed across the water, Jim Malloy called crisply:

"Now!"

He flicked on the searchlight switch and trained the beam on the trio aboard the German craft. Le Compte's boat was tying up to the submarine, and the German sailors were busy with ropes that had been thrown to them. The German captain's hand

dropped to his Luger, belted at his waist, and he leveled the weapon. Big Jim Malloy's pistol bucked in his hand and a white flash darted through the darkness beyond the *Petrel*. The submarine commander's gun exploded at almost the same instant. But it had been aimed at Le Compte, and not at Big Jim Malloy.

Even as the German's body crumpled to the duck-boards, his lips were mouthing Teuton curses, and he punctuated them with the shriek:

*“Franzosiger Schwein. You have betrayed us!”*

At that, the two sailors cast loose Le Compte's boat, which, without a steady hand on the wheel, drifted around and out of the beam from the *Petrel's* searchlight. Then the Nazis were heading for the deck cannon, but a burst of one pounder shells from the Canadian craft smashed into the breech of the German gun, putting it out of action even before its canvas cover had been removed.

The sailors inside the U-boat, aware what was going on above them, snapped shut the conning tower hatch in a panic, and the undersea craft heeled into a crash dive.

“We're going to lose them!” Lieutenant Comstock shouted. “Bring her around, and let them have it with the ash cans!”

Even as Comstock's orders rang out, the *Petrel* picked up speed and roared over the spot where the German vessel had submerged. Two of the depth charges rolled overboard. The man at the tiller, a capable young riverman, swerved the patrol boat out of the way of the exploding T.N.T., and came

about in a big arc, ready for another run over the target, if it was necessary.

But Big Jim Malloy held up a meaty fist.

"You've got her diving gear. Good shot, fellows! Good shot!"

The submarine was rearing up out of the water, its rudder and diving planes whipping back and forth like the flippers of a mortally wounded sperm whale in its death throes.

As they watched, with the searchlight blazing the scene with light, the submarine turned over on its side. Water rushed into its cracked seams, and it settled swiftly to the bottom.

The hush that had preceded the discovery of the U-boat and its renegade supply vessel now closed in again. The excitement on the patrol boat died down and no one spoke for a minute.

"Nice job, Lieutenant," Big Jim told Comstock.

"It might not have come off so easily if you hadn't potted the skipper with your first shot, old man!" Lieutenant Comstock replied. "What now?"

"Pull up alongside Le Compte's boat," Malloy suggested, "and put me aboard. I hurried the *Kapitan's* aim some, and it's just possible René may still be alive to tell us what this is all about!"

The *Petrel* got underway at half speed, and cruised up alongside the vessel Le Compte had brought from the north bank of the river. Big Jim Malloy leaped from the gunwale of the patrol boat into the heaving waist of the Frenchman's craft. The body of the renegade was sprawled near the stern, and a blotch of blood showed sticky under the

beam of the flashlight that Big Jim held in his hand.

The sergeant held the light on the smuggler's face, and knelt down beside him, alert for any sham. But there was nothing feigned about Le Compte's wound. He was mortally stricken; the life was dribbling out of him.

"It's Jim Malloy, René!" the sergeant announced. "You're going out! You don't want to die a traitor to your King and Country, do you?"

René Le Compte's clouded eyes opened. He looked up into Jim Malloy's rugged face. The sturdy honest look of the sergeant inspired confidence even in the hearts of the criminals he tracked down. A weak smile crossed René's stricken face, and he said:

"René cannot help himself. In France there is someone he loves. The Nazis have taken this one a prisoner, and they threaten to harm this one unless René do what they demand. The *Kapitan* say René betray them, but René is weak. He does not have the strength to betray them. The *Petrel* is come, and René is glad. He dies: happy!"

Big Jim Malloy lifted René's head and rested his limp body against a thwart. Then he looked around for the baling dipper and the pail of fresh water that was part of the regulation equipment of all river boats. He found both dipper and pail, and gave René a cooling drink.

"You are not going to die," Sergeant Malloy assured him. "And you can help us a lot. The *Kapitan* and his crew are not going to get back to Le Havre to say anything about René Le Compte. Perhaps there is more you can tell us."

But René Le Compte was not deceived. Up above them, behind the silvery sparkle of the stars, someone was beckoning to him. He knew that his life's blood was pouring out through the wound in his chest. He could feel the punctured lung filling up the flow of internal hemorrhage. The light of fear glittered in his troubled eyes; fear for the safety of a loved one—not the fear of death for himself.

He shook his head slowly, then said:

"Sergeant, you have been a friend. Take me back to Tadoussac and see that I am buried in the old French cemetery. My ancestors came over with Cartier. They have been true to Canada ever since!"

"I'll see to it," Big Jim promised, "but will your ancestors be proud of you, when you join them, if you have not given Canada the help that is within your power?"

René Le Compte coughed. An expression of peace smoothed his drawn face, and he opened his lips to speak. A bloody froth bubbled at his mouth; then Sergeant Malloy lowered his ear to René's lips and heard a hesitant murmur.

"Seven-nine-four-nought-five-seven-ten."

Big Jim Malloy's quick ears and quicker mind caught the numbers; he memorized them accurately. He patted René Le Compte's cheeks, and rubbed his arms. But with the utterance of the last number, René Le Compte had slipped beyond the stars.

The *Petrel* came alongside at a signal from Big Jim, and a tow line was thrown. Big Jim made it fast around one of the bow stanchions, and then he climbed back onto the patrol boat. One of the sail-

ors took his place on Le Compte's boat to guide it back to port.

"Any luck?" Lieutenant Comstock asked the sergeant.

"Not much," Big Jim replied. "René wasn't too much of a traitor, judging from the little he was able to tell me. Perhaps he couldn't tell me more because he didn't know any more. He gave me a message that may mean something, but it's in code. I'll have to get it unravelled before it's worth anything."

"We'll put it right through the works," Comstock replied. "We'll have it decoded in no time."

"I'm sure of it," Malloy declared. Lieutenant Comstock lapsed into silence and waited for Big Jim to go on. But the sergeant was lost in his thinking. He wondered whether the sinking of the U-boat and the death of its crew would really end the submarine menace on the St. Lawrence. Common sense made him realize that it didn't. There would always be people who through weakness or fear, would be willing to sell their honor and their souls to the enemy.

While Big Jim Malloy was thinking, another man joined them. He was in his early thirties, and had an open, glowing face that was usually an open sesame to any gathering. It was his most valuable asset, for Robert Sedgewick was a newspaperman, and his success depended upon his friends, old or new.

During his fourteen years in newspaper and magazine work he had met countless people in both the

United States and Canada, but the most glamourous of these continued to be the sturdy, six-foot-three police sergeant beside him. Sedgewick had changed from the mufti of civilian life to the uniform of a war correspondent, and the red pocket insignia and shoulder strap indicated his status.

"Looks like you've done another one of your super jobs, Sergeant," he declared.

"In a way," laughed Malloy, tolerant of the earnest enthusiasm of the reporter. "But this is one story you're not going to be able to print for a while."

"What?" Sedgewick drew back in mock despair, then said: "A submarine sunk, and a spy captured, and I can't say anything about it?"

"That's the smallest part of the business," Malloy assured him. "You'll be able to write one of your usual thrilling eye-witness accounts of that as soon as the Office of War Information releases the story. But this submarine business goes a lot further than that, or I'm a Chinaman!"

Sedgewick had no intention of arguing with the Sergeant. He had been with him on his various exploits often enough to know that when the tight-lipped police officer wanted to close down on a story, no one in the world could get it out of him. But when all the loose ends had been tied up, Bob Sedgewick was the first one to get the inside track. The newspaper reporter was more than willing to bide his time. It had been worth it in the past, and was sure to pay big dividends in the future.

Instinctively, however, Robert Sedgewick sensed

that the sinking of the U-219 and the death of René Le Compte was the beginning of the story, and not the end of it. On the trip back to Tadoussac, the lieutenant, the sergeant and the newspaperman went into the small cabin behind the wheelhouse. Lieutenant Comstock made his entries in his log, drafted a report to his immediate superior, and then leaned contentedly back with his pipe in his mouth.

Big Jim filled his own briar, and watched Bob Sedgewick with a quizzical expression. But his look went beyond the warm cabin of the *Petrel*. He saw not Sedgewick as he was today but as a young newspaperman on his first trip down the Mackenzie River, back in the 1930s. Sedgewick had grown up since that. His judgment was sounder, and from an enthusiastic chronicler of the deeds of Big Jim Malloy, he had grown into a trusted friend and companion.

Sedgewick was thinking of his first acquaintance with the Sergeant, and of what he had since learned about him from other members of the Force from Halifax to Fort Yukon. His notebooks held many a story of the ace operative of the Royal Mounted. They dated back almost thirty years now, even though a glance at Big Jim's firm jaw and youthfully rugged physique might make an observer wonder how much older he was.

There was the story of how Sergeant Jim had unblushingly lied his way into the Princess Pats while only sixteen. He had seen service with this outfit during the last two years of World War I, and had won great distinction for himself. On periodic

veterans' days he donned the uniform of his old regiment and produced the ribbons that marked his decorations from the King Emperor and the Allied rulers.

After the First World War, he had followed in the footsteps of his father, old Inspector Malloy, and after coming through the training school with a splendid record he had been assigned to 'G' detachment and the Arctic patrol. His father had come out of the Territories on several occasions, evidently thinking that young Jim might need his help. He was soon disabused of this idea, and found that the officers and men of the command recognized the skill and adroitness of his son in handling all sorts of tasks. Invariably they assigned him as a trouble shooter—an ace in the hole to be played after ordinary routine investigation had failed.

In peacetime, Sergeant Malloy's quarries had run from British Columbia fish poachers to Gulf of St. Lawrence smugglers. Now, in wartime, after valiant but unsuccessful attempt to get into the Army, he was notified that he was more valuable to his country where he was, and he did his best to justify this belief on the part of his superiors.

On the rare occasions when murder was committed within the borders of the Dominion, he was usually called in, bringing to the chase all of the skill and toughness he had inherited from his father, as well as his own not inconsiderable training and experience.

This training had taken him into Scotland Yard in London, to the police departments of the large

American cities, the Sureté of pre-war Paris, Viennese headquarters before the *Anschluss*, not to mention the German Murder Boards and other specialized foreign police services.

He was one of the leading exponents of the belief that while there was a certain amount of glamour about a single Mountie pitted against both elements and human enemies, that personal courage could be much better supplemented with modern devices and weapons like airplanes, high-powered guns, speed boats on the lakes and rivers, and scientific laboratories to support the work of men in the field. At the same time he knew, perhaps better than anyone, how frequent were the times in the frozen North when the personal initiative of the constable and the stout hearts of the sledge dogs were the difference between victory and defeat; success and death. . . .

With all the experience at his command, he had learned early that once an officer moved north of the railroads, Nature herself was inclined to confront him with problems that police science had never before coped with; that the combined forces of snow, ice, the Great Alone, brought on *Weetigo*, and all the branches of madness that might or might not disappear with renewed human companionship. Sergeant Jim Malloy had taken a figurative diploma in many different schools of police work, which accounted for something of his brilliance, and a good deal of his value.

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## Chapter 2

With the docking of the *Petrel* at Tadoussac, Big Jim Malloy remained in the tiny French Canadian village just long enough to make arrangements for the funeral of René Le Compte. Under a gentleman's agreement with Lieutenant Comstock and the members of the crew, the circumstances of René's death were kept from the villagers.

There was a secondary purpose behind this. Big Jim knew that the Germans would have other agents operating in the neighborhood, and they would immediately inform their masters in Berlin of the sinking of the submarine and the death of their unwilling tool.

Seated on the lounge of the Hotel Tadoussac, Lieutenant Comstock stoked up his pipe, looked out through the curtained windows toward the oval shape of the bay. He watched as a two-wheeled horse-drawn cart jogged along from the pier on the point toward the town itself with its white-spired church. Then he looked toward Sergeant Malloy and asked:

“Did you phone in the code message?”

"Yes," replied the sergeant. "At the same time, I've been trying to break it down myself. I figured that if Le Compte knew what it was all about, it ought to be one of the simpler codes. After all, a fisherman and a smuggler can't be expected to know much about the trickier points of military or naval intelligence work."

Lieutenant Comstock nodded, then tapped one finger on the arm of his chair and said:

"At the same time, if he knew the meaning of the cipher, he'd probably have told you that, instead of giving you the code message."

"I've thought of that," Jim replied soberly. "And I've also weighed the possibility that it may not be code at all. It may be the date, and the number of a submarine. But 7-9 would be July 9th, and that's a couple of months away. It might be the license number of a boat. They run pretty high. Le Compte's boat was numbered 54860."

Lieutenant Comstock hunched down in his chair, looked up at the ceiling of the room, as though the numbers they were discussing would be lined against the whitewash like writing on a blackboard. Then he knocked the dottle out of his pipe and said:

"Maybe our minds aren't as clear as they ought to be. Somewhere in my dim, distant past, I remember hearing about a thing called sleep. It's supposed to be fine stuff."

"Good idea," laughed Malloy. "You've done a good night's work. I'm afraid I can't get to bed just yet, though. I'll have to phone in to the subdivision at Quebec, and see if they have any other

assignment for me. If I'm not here when you wake up, good luck—and good hunting!"

Comstock headed for his room, and Big Jim Malloy lifted his huge body out of the easy chair and headed for the telephone room at the end of the lounge. Five minutes later he was through to the corporal on telephone duty at the Quebec subdivision. He gave a brief, somewhat cryptic report to the Mountie operator, and then asked:

"Anything new?"

The corporal checked his memoranda, then said:

"How would you like to go back into the North land?"

There was a stirring in Big Jim's heart at the words. A tingle went up and down his spine. He had read that signal before, and he knew what it meant.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"We've just received a message relayed from Ottawa for you."

"What's the message?" Big Jim asked.

"I'll read it to you," replied the corporal. "Here goes."

*Royal Canadian Mounted Police*

*Ottawa, Ontario.*

*Three murders have been committed on Belcher Islands. Advise immediate police investigation.*

*Riddell.*

"From Riddell, hey?" Sergeant Malloy declared. "He's pretty hard-headed and not at all likely to go off half-cocked. I'm sure he knows what he's talking about. No other details? Nothing to tell me who was

killed, or what the motive was?"

"Nothing like that, Sergeant," replied the corporal. "The Inspector may know something. But he's on his way to Ottawa right now."

"I'll be along right away," Big Jim promised. Then he pronged the telephone set, lost no time in gathering his limited luggage, and leaving a note for Lieutenant Comstock.

It was brief and to the point:

*Dear Art:*

*I'll have to leave the code message in your hands. There's murder in Hudson Bay.*

*Big Jim Malloy.*

As Big Jim took the boat down to Quebec, he knew that even with Comstock puzzling over the code, Malloy's own mind would not permit him to forget about it. He would turn a copy of the message over to the police laboratory in Ottawa. Perhaps they would be able to do something with it.

It was close to ten o'clock the next morning when Big Jim presented himself at the sub-division headquarters in Quebec. He didn't remain there very long, however, for the facts in the case he had been assigned to were all in Ottawa. At least what few facts were known.

Big Jim Malloy was clad in his fur-lined coat, and wearing heavy mittens as he headed for the railroad station and the train that would take him to Ottawa. It was mid-March, and the nippy frost-laden air was enough to stimulate the most sluggish. For a man who considered the frosty air of winter as the very breath of his being, it was the ideal combination.

"But why do people have to commit murder in the middle of winter?" he asked the conductor with a shrug.

"Probably have nothing else to do in that North country of yours," the conductor replied.

"That's base libel." Big Jim Malloy jumped to the defense of his Northland. "They know if they commit murder, Big Jim Malloy will track them down, and that's almost as threatening as a small boy's bogey man!"

There was pride but not egotism in Big Jim's words, and the conductor nodded gravely. Then he said:

"I've heard that those Eskimos up there are like small boys. But maybe they get careless about the bogey man when he's out chasing Nazis."

Big Jim Malloy had to agree that there might be some truth in that. The conversation lapsed as he settled down in his seat for a cat-nap that would restore his slumberless body.

The train was in Montreal Station when Big Jim roused himself long enough to get something to eat. If things broke in Ottawa the way they usually did, he'd be too busy for food for some time to come. As he strolled up to the stool in the station restaurant, he was conscious of someone close behind him. He turned around, and looked into a pair of smiling blue eyes.

"Well, Bob!" he laughed. "I thought I'd left you back in Tadoussac. How about your story on the submarine?"

Bob Sedgewick shrugged his shoulders, then said:

"The Navy patrol boats will be sinking German submarines right and left from now on. But there's only one place I want to be when Big Jim Malloy is out for blood."

The two men dug into heaping platefuls of ham and eggs, topped off with pie and coffee; then they climbed back on the train for the last lap of their journey. Since his first meeting with Big Jim on the Mackenzie River, Bob Sedgewick had earned certain privileges with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and he knew that he would be welcomed by Inspector Martin when they arrived in Ottawa.

A couple of hours after their departure from Montreal they had cleaned up and Big Jim Malloy had changed into a new dress uniform. Then they were in the Mounted Police Headquarters, and Bob Sedgewick sat around chinning with some of the men who were off duty while Big Jim went in to talk to the Inspector.

The inspector was behind his big desk, and Big Jim settled down in a leather-covered chair.

"What's it all about, sir?"

"We're trying to find out," the inspector replied. "Thus far without much real success. We've been trying to piece together the story through the Roman Catholic radio station at Moose Factory, and through the land telegraph stations at Churchill, Manitoba and Port Harrison, Quebec. But the operators there don't seem to have very many of the details."

"The victims must be Eskimos," Big Jim Malloy decided. "After all, Ernest Riddell is the only white

trader in the Belcher Islands. But three murders among the Eskimos is almost unheard of. Fifteen or twenty years ago, yes. But now, no!"

A quizzical expression came into Inspector Martin's eyes, and he said:

"It's all right for you to say that, but unless Rid-dell is pulling our leg, there have been three killings up there. There's only one way to settle the matter. We'll have to get up there and look things over."

"You're right," Malloy agreed, "and the quicker the better. After all, there's a war going on, and we have other important things to do."

Big Jim Malloy studied the expression on the inspector's face, and then went on:

"The war! That's one thing that's had me guess-ing. I've been wondering, ever since I received that telegram, whether the war has anything to do with the fact that the Eskimos have suddenly undertaken a reign of violence, terror and murder. Maybe someone's stirring them up for reasons of his own."

This was a thought that had not occurred to him. But it was a technique that the Germans had em-ployed successfully in other countries. They had stirred up the minorities, convinced them that they were downtrodden, and then had used their dissen-sion as a stepping stone to conquest.

"I've never heard of Germans in the Northwest Territories or the Keewatin District," Big Jim said soberly. "But that doesn't mean there aren't any there now."

"You're right it doesn't," Inspector Martin said emphatically. "There are plenty of them down here

in the provinces. And enough of them know how to buck the Arctic winter to be able to go in there and stir up trouble."

Big Jim Malloy was a man of action, and at times like this when the four walls of a room hemmed him in and the overheated air seemed to press down upon him, he longed for the biting tang of the Arctic chill and the cool caress of the blowing snow. He straightened in his chair, gripped the arms with steely fingers and said:

"What's keeping us here?"

"The matter of transportation," Inspector Martin declared soberly.

"We can be up there by plane in no time," Big Jim Malloy pointed out.

"Exactly," the Inspector agreed, "but first of all we need the plane. Most of our ships have been taken over by the RCAF. We've got the *Norseman* out at Rockcliffe, but it hasn't been in service for some time. We'll have to get the necessary parts, and recondition it."

Big Jim Malloy nodded. Then he was on his feet and strolling toward the window. He pulled back one of the draperies, and looked down on the street, watching the people moving along through a haze of falling snowflakes. But in his mind's eye he was looking out across the pine-covered ridges of Western Ontario towards the shores of Hudson's Bay. He wondered what the investigation of the murders on the Belcher Islands would reveal.

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## Chapter 3

The first act in the bloody drama that was to develop as the Belcher Islands Murders was played on a white-robed stage with a grim gray backdrop in January of 1941, two and one half months before the first news of the mad fanaticism, rampant murder, stirring terror and red violence came to the attention of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The chief character in this opening act was Charley Outerack, leader of the Kittoktangmiuts, the Eskimo name meaning "the people of the Islands."

Charley was a short, stock Eskimo, twenty-seven years old, and like the other hunters of his tribe, he had spent a workmanlike winter, hunting through the ice, capturing the small game animals that inhabited the rocky Belcher Islands, and the pack-ice about it. His women folk chewed out the hides and softened them for clothing, living in their snow-covered rock huts, and kept themselves warm against the coming of Spring.

Early one morning Charley crawled out of the tunnel leading to his icy home, laced up his seal-skinned *kumiks*, and buttoned his parka around his

neck. Over his shoulder he carried a rifle, and in his hand he held a seal spear. There had been the sign of blow-holes in the ice the night before, and Charley wanted to explore them.

A screen of lightly blowing snow came across the waters of Hudson's Bay from the direction of Port Harrison. Leaden skies came down to the ice, shrouding the horizon with a curtain that could not be torn by human hands. The Arctic night was still wrapping the bay and the islands in its folds, and the gloom that covered everything lightened for only an hour or so near noon each day.

Charley Ouyerack moved along with the seal-skinned *kumiks* making crunching sounds on the ice and snow with the steady rhythm of a metronome. He was a Christian Indian, and had listened attentively to the teachings of Father Pigeon at the Mission at Eskimo Point on the western shore of Hudson Bay. Like many of the other Eskimos in the Belcher Islands, he had absorbed with fascination the teachings of the New Testament, and was familiar with a good many of the parables and tales.

There was one story that impressed him especially. That was the story of Christ walking on the waters. Living all his life with the forbidding blue-green waters of Hudson Bay about him, and knowing how many of his tribesmen had been killed when ice had torn open their kayaks and winds had capsized their craft, the idea of a man being able to stand upon the surface of the water bewitched and awed his simple mind.

Even as he thought about it on this chill January

morning to keep his mind off other less pleasant things, he was startled by the sound of someone calling his name.

"Charley Ouyerack! Charley Ouyerack!" The words came to his ears from all four corners, were echoed on the ice, and billowed across the open water that edged the pack-ice here and there.

The words were spoken in the Eskimo dialect, and at first Charley tried to identify the speaker. He had left his village before any of the other hunters were up. Yet here was someone on the ice ahead of him. There was nothing familiar about the voice. It was the voice of a stranger.

"Here is Charley Ouyerack!" he finally replied. Then he took several paces ahead—and landed right in the center of one of the most bizarre and fantastic scenes that the misty vale of the Canadian Northland had ever witnessed.

There before Charley Ouyerack's eyes was the figure of a man. He was poised in the center of a stretch of open water, standing on the water itself! Charley's eyes popped. He lifted the wooden snow glasses he wore and gaped. His jaw unhinged and his mouth dropped open. Then he turned to run. But he had not taken six steps away from the curious vision when that commanding voice called to him.

"Charley Ouyerack! Come back! Are you a coward?"

Charley would have been less than human if he had not been frightened, but he did not relish the idea of behaving like a coward. He turned back and

looked at the man who faced him across the open water. Then the other said:

"You are amazed because I am able to walk upon the water! But you are able to walk upon the water, too!"

There was conviction in the words, and Charley was impelled to believe him. At the same time, he did not want to do anything foolish. This man who stood twenty yards away from him was clad in the same sort of garments that Charley wore, but his face was the face of a white man. He carried no weapons, and his mittenened hands were stretched high over his head, as if in supplication, the palms were turned outward in the universal gesture of peace.

"Only God can walk upon the water!" Charley Ouyerack replied simply. "Are you God?" he asked.

"No," replied the other man. "My name is John!"

Charley Ouyerack looked at the fellow calling himself John, and then asked:

"How do I know that I, too, can walk upon the water?"

"You have but to try it," John told him. "Just walk to the edge of the ice, and step into the water."

"How can I be sure you're not trying to trick me?" the Eskimo asked. "How do I know that you do not want to drown Charley Ouyerack, so that you may become the leader of the Kittoktang-miuts?"

"That is a good question," John replied. "But you can prevent that. Stick your seal-spear into the

ice. Fasten your seal-line to the spear, and hook it around your waist. If the water does not support you, you will get wet, but you will be able to pull yourself back onto the ice."

Charley Ouyerack was still skeptical, but nevertheless he was sufficiently intrigued to try. He jabbed the seal-spear firmly into the ice, leaned his rifle against it, then fastened the raw-hide line to the spear and looped it about his waist. He took two or three tentative steps forward, testing the strength of the fringe ice lining the pool where John stood. Then he put his *kumik*-clad right foot into the water.

The icy water came up over his foot, then the sole of his *kumik* did not go down any farther. The water was firm beneath his sealskin footgear; and Charley felt new confidence. He placed his left foot alongside his right, and it was as though the blue-grey water had frozen beneath his feet.

"Is it not a simple matter?" John asked him soothingly. "Now walk toward me. I would like to talk to you. You have said that only God can walk upon the water. And you believe that."

"Yes," replied Charley Ouyerack.

"That means, then," John declared emphatically, "that you are God!"

The simple mind of the Eskimo chief hadn't envisaged that possibility. But now that it was pointed out to him, and the edge of the ice traveled from him with each step he took toward John, Charley Ouyerack was ready to believe almost anything.

"If I am God," Charley asked. "Who are you?"

"I have already told you, my name is John!" replied the other man. "Was not there a John the Baptist who came before Jesus to announce his coming?"

Father Pigeon had told Charley Ouyerack about John the Baptist. He knew the story by heart. And he knew all about Jesus, too. How he had been the son of a poor carpenter; a man condemned by the rulers of his own country, but beloved by his people.

The conversation between Charley Ouyerack and the mysterious John continued for some time, and when it was over a curious change had taken place in the mind of the simple Eskimo. Charley turned to retrace his steps across the water to the edge of the ice. He stopped to unfasten the seal-line from the spear and to loop it to his belt. Even as he worked, the voice of John came to him saying:

"Do not forget, Charley Ouyerack. You are the Messiah in Muklucks. You are the reincarnated Jesus. There will be unbelievers, just as there were nineteen hundred years ago. There will be martyrs, too. But you must be of good faith and a stout heart, even if you are persecuted. Remember that Christ died on the Cross!"

Charley Ouyerack swung the seal spear out of the ice, after working it from side to side. Then he turned to answer John. But the expanse of water beyond the edge of the ice was empty of all but moving, lapping wavelets. John had disappeared as miraculously as he had come. Charley Ouyerack was bewildered, but the candle of devotion that had

been lighted in his simple mind was burning brightly. He forgot all about seal hunting for the day, and turned back toward the Kittoktangmiut village.

He had taken only about twenty paces when he met one of his tribesmen. There was a look of awe and amazement on the face of the second Eskimo. He came toward Charley Ouyerack with hands outstretched, and touched the clothing of the newly ordained prophet.

"Hello, Peter," Charley greeted him.

Peter Sala was seven years older than Ouyerack, and about two inches taller. For some minutes the newcomer looked at his leader, then said:

"Were you out on the water, Charley?"

"Yes," replied Charley Ouyerack solemnly.

"I thought perhaps the snow had frosted my eyelashes, and that I was seeing the strange sights one sees when hunger is gnawing at the vitals and the dried white-whale meat is gone from the igloos. But then my eyes did not deceive me?"

"No," Charley told him.

"And there was someone with you there on the water?" Pete Sala's amazement was increasing by leaps and bounds.

"There was someone there," Charley agreed. "He called himself John, and said that he had come to give evidence of the fact that I am the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. Had I gone through this experience myself, I would believe that it was the vision created by the cold, the reflection stirred up by the blowing sleet against the backdrop of icy gloom. But you have seen it, too. We must carry the

story to all people."

"There is real sense to all this," Peter Sala declared. "When Jesus first came to earth nineteen hundred years ago, Father Pigeon has told us, he was announced by John the Baptist, and when he went seeking believers, the first apostle he selected was called Peter. My name is Peter, and the name was given to me in baptism by Father Pigeon. He must have known that I was to be the first apostle of the Eskimo Messiah.

Charley Ouyerack hadn't thought of that. Ever since his meeting with the mysterious John, and the evidence of the walking upon the water, he had been seeking comparable situations in the New Testament. Now the arrival of Peter added new weight to the evidence. Charley Ouyerack was firmly convinced that he was the reincarnation of the Lord.

The Eskimo Messiah and his apostle Peter returned to the camp of the Kittoktangmiuts. The wonderful story of the visitation to Charley Ouyerack and his miraculous walk on the water traveled from one Eskimo camp to another. Peter Sala had seen the descent of the Lord into the body of Charley Ouyerack; he was an eager and convincing witness. To the temporal leadership of the Eskimo chief was added a new tone of ordained divineness.

But there were skeptics among the one hundred and fifty inhabitants of the region. Charley Ouyerack had an answer for them.

"You will recall," he announced to a gathering at his winter-wrapped shelter, "that when Christ was

born in Bethlehem there was a great star in the sky which aroused the adoration of the Kings, and brought them to the manger. I am told by John that there may be skeptics among you. But tonight there will be an evidence of my divinity in the skies, just as there was nineteen hundred years ago."

The day passed slowly. The stolid Eskimos were divided as to the reality of Charley Ouyerack's new role. Peter Sala was doing his best to obtain converts. But they all agreed that a visible sign from heaven was necessary to support Charley Ouyerack's claims.

The night lowered around Belcher Islands, clear and cold. Millions of stars speckled the cold Arctic sky. The parka-wrapped Eskimos stood in a half circle around Charley Ouyerack and gazed aloft. Suddenly the Milky Way was a flashing sparkle of light as though a giant acetylene torch had come against cold metal, and spattered glittering embers across the dome of heaven.

"There is your evidence," Peter Sala insisted. "Even the stars are falling from the skies at the command of Charley Ouyerack." A shower of meteors accompanied the words of Peter Sala, and as they struck the Earth's atmosphere, they broke up into burning iron particles that provided a new spotlight in the frozen Northland.

Sensing the grip the manifestation had laid on the people, Charley Ouyerack immediately ascended an icy pulpit and said:

"The end of the world is not far off. Father Pigeon has told you that it is necessary to cleanse

your soul before you will be ready to meet your Maker. Now that the Spirit has come into me, I tell you that the time has come. You have been greedy and grasping. You have fought for material things. You have stolen the wives of your friends. You have plundered the snares and seal lines of your neighbors."

As Charley Ouyerack berated his tribes-people, they swayed and moaned in unison, supplying a curious dirge to the outpourings of their leader. Parents imparted the enthusiasm to their children, wives transmitted it to their husbands. It increased in its force and finally became a driving power that would not be denied.

Some of the Eskimos went out and slaughtered their dogs, as an evidence of denial. Others carried out this rite, secure in the pagan knowledge that the dead dogs would go on to paradise ahead of them, and when the end of the world did come, the fortunate Eskimos would have their trusty sledge dogs to help them in the world beyond the grave. This curious mixture of the teachings of Christianity as expressed by the bizarre figure of Charley Ouyerack and the deep-seated pagan background of the less easily swayed natives could have but one result.

Everyone in the various tribes was swept along on the current of fanaticism. One old Eskimo stood up before Charley Ouyerack, held his rifle before him, and smashed it into two pieces.

"I do not need a rifle," he announced. "It is of no use to me in Heaven. Did not the Lord feed the multitude with the loaves and fishes? At the marriage

in Cana of Galilee, did he not make wine out of water, and the supply from a single pitcher was without end?"

The religious fervor extended throughout the islands, and reached migrant Eskimo groups miles away. Many listeners who had witnessed the tangible corroboration of Ouyerack's claim that they were impressed with whatever he told them. The new hysteria flourished.

Everything progressed smoothly until January 26th, when the new Messiah and his apostle Peter held a meeting on Flaherty Island at the Eeteevee-miuk Camp.

The prayer meeting was proceeding against the bleak background of the ice-covered rock, and the drab olio of darkened sky, when Charley Ouyerack invited any of those who were doubtful about the coming salvation to voice their questions.

In the past, such invitations had gone unheeded. But at Flaherty Island, on this cold January morning, Sara Apawkok stood up. She was a typical Eskimo young lady, thirteen years old, and looking forward to the time when she would be able to forget about the small chores she did about the tents or rock dwellings of the summer and the igloos of the winter. That would mean that she was old enough to have her own man, her own home and her own children.

"What have you to say?" Charley Ouyerack asked the girl.

"You are not Jesus," she said simply, but with

conviction. "Nor do I believe that Jesus is coming!"

Charley Ouyerack smiled a benign smile. He could afford to be tolerant of the words of a thirteen-year-old girl. But this same tolerance did not transmit itself to the members of Sara's family. She had come to the meeting with her brother Alec, and he leaped to his feet and confronted his sister.

"You do not know what you are saying," he berated her. "You are making the family of Apawkok the laughing stock of the Eeteeveemiiks. You will bow your knee, and ask forgiveness of Charley Ouyerack!"

Sara stood up to her brother and said:

"Charley Ouyerack has asked us to express our feelings. I have expressed mine. There is no argument. You are at liberty to believe what you will."

The light of religious fanaticism burned in the black eyes of Alec Apawko, and he glowered at the young girl. A stirring in the very depths of his being inflamed his mind, and a red haze crossed his vision. Then he cried out:

"Anyone who will not recognize Charley Ouyerack as God does not deserve to live!"

This was a bold statement, and even the Messiah in Mucklucks was a bit amazed by the limits to which Alec's ardour had gone. But in the back of his mind there was another memory, another phrase that had come from the New Testament and had been mentioned by John at the conference on the waters of Hudson's Bay. "—there were martyrs—"

Young Apawkok berated and threatened his younger sister. Still she refused to yield. As she re-

mained obdurate, Alec's fury mounted, until he could no longer control himself. He stepped toward the girl, and grabbed her by the hair. She had been seated on the ground but Alec yanked her to her feet.

He snatched up an *enowtuk*, one of the Eskimo sticks used for beating the stiffened snow from clothing, and clubbed the girl into insensibility. Suddenly Alec's fury spent itself. He released his grip on his sister's hair, and let her quivering body slump to the ground. Then, panting, his burning eyes riveted to the bloody end of the *enowtuk*, he slumped down on the ground and glanced toward Charley Ouyerack.

Charley's reaction to this display of cruelty was curious. In his simple mind he weighed only the facts of the case. If Sara was wrong in her beliefs, she was a heretic and deserved to die. If she was right, and Charley was merely a disciple of the Lord, then she was a martyr, and her death would be a passport to heaven.

Unmindful of the unconscious girl in their midst, the religious discussion went on. Peter Sala whispered something to his sister Mina. She nodded her head and with Akeevik, a young widow, dragged Sara's insensible form through the powdery snow into a nearby igloo.

There was a rifle standing just inside the entrance to the igloo. Muttered words were exchanged between the two women. The burning fervor of Alec Apawkok and Peter Sala had been transmitted to them. Akeevik snatched up the rifle, gripped it firmly by the barrel, and bashed in the unconscious

girl's skull with the rifle butt.

They looked at the hunched form who had shared their simple lives only a short time before, then turned away from her battered and lifeless body.

The weird visitation of the Messiah in Muck-lucks had claimed its first victim, an innocent, firm-voiced thirteen-year-old girl.

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## Chapter 4

Under ordinary circumstances, the death of Sara Apawkok might have sobered the fanatics on Flaherty Island. But history has shown time and time again that religious fervor burns to new and consuming heights before the cold considerations of things practical can lessen the white heat of its flame.

Keytowieack, one of the older Eskimos of the Eeteeveemiuk tribe was sickened by the brutality of Alec Apawkok, and rose to his feet. He faced Charley Ouyerack and said:

“I don’t know whether you are Jesus or not. I don’t care. Father Pigeon told the Eskimos that Jesus was a loving and understanding God. It certainly was not love that came to the heart of Alec and caused him to strike his sister. Such actions as this will not bring us the Messiah, they will only bring us the men in Red Coats, the Mounted Police. They will not call the blow that Alec has struck an honest one. They will call it a crime.”

Charley Ouyerack had no answer for this. He turned to Peter Sala, but the apostle could say

nothing. Finally Keytowieack said:

"I don't care what these others do, I am leaving!"

Charley saw his grip on the Eskimos slipping. It was one thing to let a brother deal with an errant sister, but when a strong and capable hunter walked out on a leader, it meant a schism in the tribe, and was sufficient cause for a fight.

"You will leave only after you have defeated me in hand-to-hand combat. It is the law of the tribe," he said quickly.

Keytowieack was familiar with the law of the tribe, even though he knew that at forty-six years of age he was hardly a match for the twenty-seven year old Charley Ouyerack. Gruffly, he acquiesced.

The two men came to grips, and wrestled around the somewhat narrow confines of the igloo that was the scene of the meeting. The other neophytes huddled back out of the way so that Charley's supremacy would be clearly demonstrated without any outside aid. Keytowieack suffered many hard blows; but he was able to get in a few on his own account. Some of the younger Eskimos were horrified at the sight of a man like Keytowieack smiting the face of their newly found Messiah.

But Keytowieack was not interested in administering a drubbing to Charley Ouyerack. He wanted only to get out of the igloo and go his way in peace. He managed to break away from Charley's grip as he reached the entrance to the igloo, and although his parka was torn in the struggle, he slipped through the opening and outside. No one tried to follow him.

Curiosity impelled him to follow the clearly marked trail in the snow where Mina Sala and Akeevik had dragged Sara's body to the other igloo. The sight of the dead girl made his heart chill and he turned back toward the larger igloo where the evangelical meeting was still in progress.

"Now we will surely have the redcoats here," he muttered. "This is murder!"

Certain that others of the tribe on Flaherty would not condone the slaying of Sara Apawkok, Keytowieack determined to rejoin the group and tell them of his discovery in the other igloo. He knelt down in front of the narrow opening and thrust his head into the room.

Apparently Peter Sala had been waiting for something of this sort to happen. For he spied Keytowieack as he looked in on the others through the opening in the igloo. Peter Sala was holding a heavy block of wood, and he struck Keytowieack in the face with it.

Keytowieack stepped back. In spite of the cruelty of the blow, no outcry crossed his lips. His eyes watered, but he moved toward the center of the igloo. He had come to speak to the assembled group and he was going to do it. His words were freighted with grim meaning.

"Sara Apawkok is dead!" he said. "She has been murdered!"

But his words were lost upon the assembled Eskimos. No one changed countenance. Charley Ouyer-ack looked toward the older man, then turned back to his preaching. Peter Sala lifted the billet of wood

again. Keytowieack turned away, his face bitter with disappointment, and silently went to his own dwelling.

The meeting lasted far into the long Arctic night. When it broke up, the Flaherty Island Eskimos sought their pallets and shelves of skin-covered ice, and slept the sleep of overwrought fanatics. Charley Ouyerack considered that their evangelizing was moving along nicely. There was only one fly in the ointment.

As they sat cross-legged in the igloo that had been placed at the disposal of the Messiah in Mucklucks, Charley Ouyerack said:

“Keytowieack is an important man among the Eeteeveemiuk!”

“He is, indeed!” echoed Peter Sala.

“It is possible that after we have gone on, Keytowieack will be able to convince the people here that the death of Sara Apawkok was murder, and hence ungodly.”

“We must see that Keytowieack does no such thing,” Peter Sala declared solemnly. Charley Ouyerack agreed with Peter, and they concluded their discussion and went to sleep.

The next day Sala went to Keytowieack’s home. The Eskimo was working at his chores, unsnarling his fishing lines, scraping flesh from the inner side of sealskins, and chewing snuff that had come up on one of the trading boats the summer before. He looked up as Peter Sala came in.

“Sit down, Peter,” he invited.

Peter Sala had no intention of sitting down. He

had come for a definite purpose, and it did not suit him to accept Keytowieack's hospitality. He carried a long, sharp, steel-tipped sealing harpoon in one hand, and he leaned on this as he spoke to Keytowieack.

"A night has gone by since you spoke your heedless words in the igloo," Peter Sala declared. "Perhaps with sleep you have changed your beliefs. Perhaps now you realize that Charley Ouyerack had nothing at all to do with the murder of Sara Apawkok."

"That is untrue," Keytowieack replied firmly without looking up. "If Charley had not come to the Eeteeveemiuks camp proclaiming himself as the Messiah, Sara would be working with the women this morning as usual."

Peter Sala was wise enough to know that Keytowieack's conversion was impossible. He began tormenting the Flaherty Island Eskimo with the steel-tipped harpoon. The prodding point caught Keytowieack on the fleshy part of the arm, ripped his carefully sewn parka. Then Peter changed the direction of his aim and jabbed his quarry in the thigh.

Keytowieack looked up at Peter Sala with the compassionate gaze of the martyr, and then returned to his simple tasks. The silence of his enemy was more of a barb to Peter than bitter words would have been. Keytowieack bent forward over his work. He was indifferent to the continued vicious thrusts of Peter Sala's harpoon. He was conscious of the fact that they were no longer alone in the

igloo. Three or four other Eskimos had crowded into the igloo, and among these was Charley Ouyerack, come to see how Peter Sala's conversion was working out.

Keytowieack's continued indifference to the assault of Charley Ouyerack's self-appointed disciple, inflamed Peter's anger. Blind with sudden rage, he drew back his arm and threw the weapon. It struck Keytowieack on the left side of the head.

But the heavy sealing harpoon with its sharpened steel point might have been the feather of a nesting auk for all the effect it had upon Keytowieack. Even though his brain was dulled by the blow, he refused to look up.

This control of Keytowieack's had the opposite effect upon Peter Sala from Sara's opposition to her brother. Instead of renewing his fanatical frenzy, Peter Sala suddenly sobered. But another of the followers of Ouyerack was willing to take up where Peter Sala left off.

Adlaykok was a sturdy, chunky little Eskimo of the Eeteeveemiuk camp, and he had pushed into the igloo with Charley Ouyerack. He witnessed the assaults upon Keytowieack, and was stirred by Peter Sala's brutal use of the steel-tipped harpoon.

In the face of Keytowieack's stoicism, his eyes gleamed maliciously. They darted around the igloo, and settled upon the rifle in the hands of Charley Ouyerack. Adlaykok snatched the 44-40 from the Messiah, eager to demonstrate that he, too, was worthy of Charley Ouyerack's praise.

"Keytowieack has committed a sacrilege!" he in-

sisted. "Is it not right, therefore, that he should die?"

Charley Ouyerack nodded his head slowly. It was the first sign of direct condemnation that had come from him. Adlaykok was delighted. He opened the breech of the rifle, looked into it, saw that it was unloaded. He turned to Charley Ouyerack and said:

"If you will give me a cartridge, I will act as your executioner!"

Charley Ouyerack fumbled in the pocket of his parka, looked at the brass cartridge with its deadly leaden tip, then gazed solemnly in the direction of Keytowieack. Blood was flowing from the head wound where the harpoon had struck. Peter Sala was leaning upon the sealing spear.

The Messiah in Mucklucks passed the cartridge to Adlaykok with a studied solemnity firming his jaw, and dulling his eyes. Adlaykok placed the cartridge in the magazine and closed the breech.

There was a hush in the igloo. Steam rose from the breaths of the men gathered there. Several of the Eskimos were hushed as though they could not believe this was happening.

Deliberately Adlaykok pointed the rifle into the igloo and fired. Except for a slight jerk as the bullet ploughed into his shoulder, Keytowieack gave no sign that he had been struck. His steady fingers went ahead with the work that had been occupying him ever since Peter Sala's arrival.

Adlaykok asked for another cartridge, reloaded the rifle and shot again. This time his aim was more accurate. The bullet pierced Keytowieack's brain.

His stubby, capable fingers fluttered once. The raw-hide he had been working on dropped to the floor and unrolled. His body slumped forward upon this improvised shroud; and like Sara's it was left in the igloo.

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## Chapter 5

The execution of Keytowieack concluded the missionary meetings on Flaherty Island, and Charley Ouyerack and Peter Sala went on to new fields with the feeling of work well accomplished.

Charley Ouyerack had further fortified his belief in his own divinity by nocturnal visits with John. These had been in accordance with an earlier agreement at the time of the first meeting. January moved along into February and John appeared to be satisfied with the way in which Charley's evangelizing was progressing. Charley told him of the deaths of Sara and Keytowieack; but John dismissed them with a shrug.

On several of these occasions Peter Sala had gone along, and received the personal congratulations of John for his aid in Charley's mission. On one notable occasion, almost one hundred members of the tribe had come along to watch Charley Ouyerack walk upon the waters. They were all duly impressed by the demonstration.

During this conference, Charley Ouyerack had a

question to propound, and apparently John was ready to answer it. Charley said:

"If I am indeed God, then more than the one hundred fifty Eskimos on the Belcher Islands ought to know about it. There are thousands of Eskimos in all of the Northland from Greenland to Alaska. They would be glad to know that I am the Messiah in Mucklucks."

"Exactly," replied John, "that is just what I had planned. But during the winter while the ice is in Hudson's Bay, it is impossible for you to get to either the Quebec or the Manitoba shore. You would have to go on snowshoes or skis, and there would be great stretches of black ice or open water. In the summer there will be time for that. And I will help you then."

Charley Ouyerack was pleased with himself, and thanked John for all the help and advice he had given him. Before his departure, John said:

"Do the white men know that a Messiah has come among the Eskimos?"

"No," Charley replied. "There is only one white man on Belcher Islands during the winter months. He is the Hudson Bay factor at Belcher. We have not been near the post all winter."

"It is well," John declared soberly. "You must make your religion much stronger than it is, before bringing it to the ears of the white man. He will not believe that there is an Eskimo Messiah."

Charley Ouyerack knew the truth of this statement, and he agreed with John without argument. Then John pointed out:

"Why should not the Eskimo have a Messiah? Do not the Mohammedans have the Prophet Mohammed? Is there not a Buddha for the Asiatics? And what of Confucius and the Chinese? There are scores of other parallels in all countries."

Neither Charley Ouyerack nor Peter Sala had to be convinced of Charley's divinity. But the information John had placed at their disposal would supply convincing proof later on.

The next day Charley Ouyerack and Peter Sala surveyed the situation in the islands. Things were going pretty well among the Kittoktangmiuts, and there was only one other island to be covered. This was the island that housed the Tuokarak camp. Charley Ouyerack planned a visit to the Tuokaraks so that he would have things in hand up on Belcher Islands before departing for the Eskimo camps on the mainland around both shores of Hudson's Bay.

While preaching at the Tuokarak camp, Charley Ouyerack and Peter Sala stayed in the igloo of Peter Quarack. In the household, besides Peter, lived his daughter Eva, and her husband Alec Epuk.

As was his custom after formal discussions, Charley Ouyerack brought up the matter of the newborn faith in the confines of his dwelling.

"What do you think of our religion?" he asked Alec Epuk solemnly.

Alec looked up at the Messiah, then turned toward his wife. Her stolid, placid face showed the faintest trace of drawn lines. Then she turned toward her father. Alec moistened his lips, and mindful of the fate that had already befallen Sara

Apawkok and Keytowieack, he nevertheless replied:

"It doesn't sound right. The Fathers at Eskimo Point have told us that we have a conscience, and our conscience will guide us. My conscience will not permit me to accept this new religion without giving it more thought."

Again it was not Charley Ouyerack, but a disciple who took offense at the statement. Peter Quarack confronted his son-in-law and said:

"If your beliefs are not similar to ours, you can take your sealing spear and your raw hides and find another igloo. And Eva will stay here with me!"

Alec Epuk looked at his wife. Then he said:

"As you wish."

But Eva broke in at this point. She and Alec had already discussed the new creed, and she did not accept it either, but she was clever enough to accept enough of Ouyerack's teachings to avoid the wrath of her father.

"Alec has not said that he does not believe in the new creed," she pointed out. "He merely wants time to think it over. We did not accept Christianity in a day or a week or a month. You will leave Alec to me."

Peter Quarack was more than willing to leave matters in Eva's hands. He had learned long ago not to court the wrath of an Eskimo woman. Eva's mother, though docile and willing as many Eskimo women are, had nevertheless been more than a match for the mighty hunter.

Alec Epuk's future might have been much brighter, if he, too, had been guided by Eva's caution and

common sense, but his conscience would not permit him to dwell in the same community with the Messiah and his apostle Peter.

The climax of the undercover conflict was brought into broad daylight one February morning when Charley Ouyerack and Peter Quarack came back from a sealing and fishing expedition on the ice. Weeks before Charley Ouyerack had learned that religion is not a very fattening diet unless you add fish and game to the menu besides.

Alec Epuk had gathered most of the Eskimos in Tuokarak camp into one of the communal igloos where meetings were held, and he was exhorting them at the top of his lungs.

"Charley Ouyerack is a fraud!" he cried. "He is no more the Messiah than I am! He is trying to trick us."

"But what has he to gain by this?" the other Eskimos asked.

That was one question that none of the skeptics had been able to answer. It was one of the reasons for Charley Ouyerack's growing strength. Even Charley Ouyerack could not explain what he had to gain. He already had sufficient power because of his temporal leadership of the Kittoktangmiuts. What else could he gain by posing as a God?

The sight of Alec Epuk addressing the Eskimos filled Charley Ouyerack with fury. What would happen on Belcher Islands if an outspoken critic like Alec Epuk took the stump and turned the Kittoktangmiuts against him while he was away at Baker Lake or Chesterfield Inlet or even along Hudson

Strait during the coming summer and winter?

The irate Ouyerack pushed through the crowd, listened while Epuk openly denounced the new theology, then he said:

"You have listened to Alec Epuk. He tells you that he is an unbeliever. But does he explain the signs that have been given to us? Does he explain how I, a poor Eskimo like yourself, am able to walk upon the surface of the water? Does he explain the flashing light in the Milky Way? Does he explain the stars that fall upon my command? No, he explains none of these. He is not only an unbeliever, he is a devil!"

Some of the waverers were carried along by Charley Ouyerack's fervor and enthusiasm. Peter Sala took the cue and cried out:

"What is the punishment for a devil?"

"We all know what happened to Lucifer," Charley Oueyrack replied. "He was cast down into Hell."

Silence closed in about the gathering. Eva tried to push forward to join her husband. Out on the bay there was a crackling sound as a portion of the rotten ice broke up and slid into a blue-gray pool. Dripping water came from inside one of the igloos. Heavy breathing sounded from the Kittoktangmiuts silently waiting for the verdict. Charley Ouyerack turned to Peter Quarack. The light of fanaticism blazed in Quarack's glittering eyes.

"He is no good," Charley cried to the doomed man's father-in-law. "Shoot him!"

At a signal from Quarack, several of the Eski-

mos gripped Alek Epuk by the arms. He broke away from them, turned on the assembled group.

"I believe in God," Epuk protested vehemently, "but I don't believe Charley Ouyerack is God!"

At a signal from the Messiah, the Eskimos left the igloo. Alec Epuk was left alone. Charley Ouyerack followed the others out. When he was outside the igloo he turned and looked toward the opening.

"Come out," he called to Epuk.

Epuk emerged a few moments later. He looked around him at the other Eskimos gathered there, dominated by the authoritative presence of Charley Ouyerack. His stolid face carried the look of a condemned man about to face a firing squad. Charley said:

"March straight ahead, and do not look around!"

The unbeliever obeyed without any objection. He realized that by this time there was no escape. The Eskimos were silent as Epuk walked away from them. Then as Epuk strode further and further from the igloo, Charley glanced at Quarack. The father-in-law was relaxed, yet there was a burning glow in his eyes.

"Go ahead, shoot him!" Ouyerack commanded.

Peter Quarack lifted his 30-30 Winchester, aimed it at the broad back of Alec Epuk and pulled the trigger. Epuk staggered a few steps, then fell, his face pushed into the rocky gravel of the frozen ground. The bullet had grazed his spine, and a tiny hole in his garments was all that showed where it had come out through his left breast.

Stunned by the shock and bleeding internally from

the wound, Alec Epuk fought to climb to his feet.

"He isn't dead yet," Charley Ouyerack declared.  
"Shoot again!"

Peter Quarack strode over to the struggling man. He leveled his weapon toward the figure twisted on the ground. His rifle roared its second message of destruction and a spasm ran through Alec Epuk's body. The charge pierced his back.

Then Peter turned to Charley Ouyerack as though expecting praise for his murderous attack. Still the merciless leader was not satisfied.

"Shoot again," he ordered, "make sure he is dead!"

Peter Quarack nodded his head. The other Eskimos were watching the drama with typical stolidity. Moving closer to Alec Epuk, the executioner aimed at his head. The third slug from the 30-30 smashed into Epuk's head just behind the ear. His struggles ceased; his body wilted and he stopped breathing.

The father-in-law looked into the bitter, grieving eyes of his daughter. He found his fingers shaking and his whole body trembling. Charley Ouyerack didn't appear to notice. Instead the Messiah in Mucklucks smiled his satisfaction, and several of the onlookers shared his pleasure at the passing of the unbeliever.

One of them spoke the feelings of the rest when he said:

"It is right and just that death should come to every person who refuses to acknowledge that Ouyerack is the Lord."

The excitement at Tuokarak Camp died down

with the passing of the day. But still the body of Alec Epuk lay unheeded on the cold ground. Some of the more pagan-minded Eskimos felt that Alec should be accorded the usual Eskimo burial rites. In the past it had been customary for family and friends of a dead Inuit to cover his body with rocks and place his most valuable personal belongings on the mound so that a mighty hunter or a willing wife might continue his or her way of living in the Eskimo heaven.

Charley Ouyerack could not be bothered with matters of this kind. His position had been strengthened by the death of Alec Epuk, and that was all that mattered. Peter Sala had other ideas, however. He arrived at the Tuokarak Camp late that afternoon, and was imediately informed of the execution.

"We'd better bury him," Peter declared.

"His soul has departed," Charley Ouyerack agreed, "but it is not fit that his body should join it. We will let him roam in the half-world without his hunting spear, his favorite dog, or his snow-shoes." To anyone familiar with Eskimo tradition, this was about the greatest insult that could be heaped upon a dead Inuit.

Instead of carefully building the usual burial mound, Peter Sala, Charley Ouyerack, Peter Quarrack, Peter Sala's sister Mina, and her husband Moses, gathered around the body in a great circle. They threw stones upon the corpse from a distance until it was completely covered.

Toward the long Arctic evening, Charley Ouyerack gathered the others about him and said:

"There are no more unbelievers among the Kit-toktangmiuts. I must make arrangements to carry the new religion to the other Eskimos about Hudson's Bay. I leave the faith of the Kit-toktangmiuts in your hands."

The group broke up, after swearing fealty to their Eskimo Messiah, and Charley Ouyerack went back to join his own tribe. Peter Sala went with him, but on the way he said:

"I am glad that there are no more unbelievers. This killing does not sit well with me. It is better if we are able to accomplish this thing without bloodshed."

Charley Ouyerack agreed with Peter Sala. It was easy to agree now that his spiritual and temporal reign was undisputed.

"I am leaving you in charge, while I make the trip to the mainland," Charley declared.

Peter Sala nodded. Then he said:

"You will not be leaving for some time, I hope. I must make a trip with the white factor, Ernest Riddell. We must go to Great Whale River for supplies."

"There will be plenty of time for that," agreed Charley Ouyerack, "but while you are on the trip you must say nothing to the white factor about the visitation."

"Do not worry about that," Peter Sala assured him. "I am no more anxious to have the Red Coats coming north than you are."

After taking his leave of Charley Ouyerack, Peter Sala's trip to the Hudson's Bay Post at Belcher was

completed without incident. Some of the Eskimos of the Kittoktangmiut tribe were gathered about the buildings of the post. They greeted Peter Sala in the usual fashion, then subsided into their usual phlegmatic placidity.

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## Chapter 6

Ernest Riddell welcomed Peter Sala affably. If he noticed that the Eskimos looked upon Peter with greater respect than heretofore, he made no attempt to find out why. He knew that an Eskimo might gain greater stature by killing a seal, harpooning a white whale, or snaring one of the Arctic birds to relieve hunger among his fellows. Peter Sala might have done any of these things. He was a great hunter.

"Are you ready for our trip?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," replied Sala.

"How is everything among the Kittoktangmuits?" the factor inquired.

"It is a normal winter," Peter Sala replied. "We know how to live with it."

Ernest Riddell nodded understandingly. Eskimos were usually taciturn and seldom engaged in lengthy conversation. Riddell went ahead with the packing of his supplies for the two-day, sixty-mile journey to Great Whale River on the Quebec side of Hudson's Bay. Peter Sala placed his equipment with the fac-

tor's and went out to find a meal and a pallet with his friends.

The factor and his Eskimo guide planned to head out across the ice-covered waters of the Bay early in the morning.

They were under way long before the lightening gray of Arctic twilight marked the coming of the daytime hours. Gusts of March wind swept across the sea ice of Hudson Bay. The slashing sleet carried before the wind stabbed sharply at the two men who walked behind a single dog-team. Everything else, sea, land and sky, was blotted out, and these two figures were the only living creatures in that whole vast expanse.

Neither white man nor Eskimo tried to talk. Their faces were covered with knitted or furred masks against the fury of the blast. Their eyes were shielded by slitted wooden snow-shields to prevent the glare of the white blanket from blinding them.

Riddell and Sala trudged along slowly, their parka-clad shoulders hunched, their heads bent forward. Misty clouds of white created an aureole about their heads as their breathing emitted whitish wreaths of vapor that whipped backwards past their cheeks. Ernest Riddell was tall and lithe, his body angular even in the formless furry garments he wore. He climbed a snow-covered knoll, turned and surveyed his back trail.

This backward glance was a ceremony that Riddell had always performed whenever he left the post during the past two years. It was a ritual he never omitted. With the shifting furies of the Arctic win-

ter, one could never tell if he would return alive. The glimpse backward brought him the picture, in the distance, of the six buildings of the post that had been his home for the past twenty-four months.

He could barely discern the structures set around the rugged, rocky, snow and ice-covered square with its flag-pole in the center, and the few pine trees of the islands lending a touch of color. But he could not see beyond them; and he had no idea whatsoever of the fanaticism, violence, terror and murder that had flared up among the Eskimos. Nor could he have guessed that his companion and guide, Peter Sala, could be one of the leaders in any such disorders.

A pleased smile touched the corners of his eyes. His mouth clamped in tight, straight lines that marked his pride of possession in the lonely post. Then he turned his back on the pioneer settlement on the icy islands, whistled to the dogs of the team, and struck out for his destination, sixty miles away across the blue-green ice.

Great Whale Factory on the Great Whale River was the nearest point where he could secure the needed supplies and he must cross sixty bleak, arduous miles just to stay alive. Peter Sala seemed like a curious gnome, a troll of the wintry day, as he pushed along beside the tall factor.

Determinedly the two men set forth. Their seal-skinned *kumiks* made whispering and crunching sounds on the ice and snow. After six hours of trudging forward, in which they covered a little more than

eight miles, they halted to rest their dogs and themselves.

The sledge yielded a compact meal for the two men, and just enough frozen fish to take the edge off the appetites of the dogs. If they were kept close to the famishing point, they would work that much harder to reach their destination.

After two days of plodding, eating and resting; pitting themselves and their pioneer wits against the elements, Riddell and Peter Sala finally came in sight of the buildings at Great Whale Factory. The factor was away at the moment of their arrival, but Ernest and Peter were greeted by the Reverend Neilson, the missionary who lived close to the Hudson Bay post.

Riddell and Neilson had a good many things to talk over, and they readily agreed when Peter Sala suggested that he would like to join his own people.

What went on in Peter Sala's mind is one thing that no student of Eskimo nor of theology will ever be able to determine. All we can do is piece together the results of his activities as they relate to the Hudson Bay murders, and the role of the self-styled Messiah in Mucklucks.

Peter Sala had been formally commissioned as the Apostle Peter of the Eskimo Messiah, and recalling the great work that an earlier Peter had performed in spreading the true religion, Peter definitely saw his duty, and he decided to lose no time in carrying it out.

Charley Ouyerack had told him not to mention the new religion to the white men, but there was no

harm in telling the Eskimos at Great Whale River that the Lord had come down among the Kittok-tangmiuts and had placed Himself in the body of Charley Ouyerack. After all, Charley himself was coming over later to preach to the Quebec Eskimos.

Peter Sala found a group of the Inuits in camp on the edge of the Bay about twelve miles from Great Whale Factory. He went among them, and was greeted pleasantly. Those who had relatives among the Kittoktangmiuts inquired about them. Peter Sala had just come from the post, and he had tobacco and snuff. He handed the tobacco out to the men folk, and gave the snuff to the women. This took care of the social amenities, and then Peter Sala was ready for his moment.

"All of you people believe in God, do you not?"

"Of course," came the chorus in response.

"The Eskimos have been greatly honored," Peter Sala continued. "The Lord has come among the Eskimos. He has called one of us down on the ice, and has spoken to him. We have seen him walking upon the water, and the stars have increased in brilliance as a mark of his divinity."

George Luokara looked at Peter Sala with puzzled eyes. His wife Leta watched her spouse with some interest. They had never been on the Western side of the Bay to Father Pigeon's church at Eskimo Point. But they had listened carefully to Pastor Neilson at Great Whale River.

"When did this Messiah appear?" George asked with interest.

"In January," Peter Sala replied. "He has enter-

ed the person of Charley Ouyerack. Charley will come in a month or two, and will tell you all about it."

"Do all of the Kittoktangmiuts believe that the Lord has entered Charley Ouyerack's body?" George inquired. There was no sign of doubt in the question. He was merely looking for information. Leta weighed every word of the speech of her husband. The other Eskimos were more than willing to have George Luokara act as their spokesman.

"There were a few doubters," Peter Sala replied solemnly. "But there are ways of converting such people."

Even then neither George nor the others in the Great Whale camp sensed that death—stark, murderous death—had come among the Kittoktangmiuts.

"Who were these doubters?" George asked.

Peter Sala knew that he was on dangerous ground. He wondered now whether he had done right in mentioning Charley Ouyerack's divinity. But it was too late to turn back now. The zeal that burned within him when he was close to the Messiah in Mucklucks had cooled slightly. But Peter Sala did not want to lose face among his people.

"Well," he started, counting off the names on his fingers, "first there was Sara Apawkok."

"But Sara is only thirteen years old," Leta broke in. "You cannot expect a child to understand such things as religion. How did you punish her?"

There was a hush in the igloo where the group had gathered. Peter Sala wondered what effect his

announcement would have. Then he cleared his throat and tightening his grip on his rifle, he said:

"She was an unbeliever, an heretic. Mina, my sister and Akeevik beat her to death."

Leta looked at George. The five foot Eskimo leader shook his head slowly. Leta pushed back among the women and children in the igloo, and a low moaning sound floated through the domed structure. George Luokara spoke as though the death of Sara Apawkok was of small moment. He asked:

"Who else was punished?"

"Keytowieack from Eeteeveemiuk Camp. Adlay-kok shot him to death. Then there was Alec Epuk from Tuokarak. His father-in-law executed him."

These bare details of the killings on Belcher Islands gave no hint of the part that Peter Sala had played. He had done this deliberately. But it was a strategy that was to recoil unfavorably later on. George Luokara was a good friend of Peter Sala's, and had he known of Peter's part in the torture of Keytowieack and the death of Sara and Alec, he might have carried his secret in peace. But a power stronger than George's had taken command of the situation.

The heavy darkness of the Arctic night closed down about the Great Whale Eskimo Camp. In their own igloo some distance away from the structure where Peter Sala was resting up from the long trek across the Bay ice, George Luokara and Leta took off their parkas, climbed upon their sleeping shelves, and nestled down among the cured sealskin robes.

They lay in silence for a while, then Leta said: "George, what do you think of Peter's story?"

"It frightens me," George replied.

"Do you think it is true?" Leta inquired.

"Why should Peter Sala make up such a story?"

Leta didn't know. She nestled up against the mighty hunter she had married, and then said:

"If Charley Ouyerack is coming here in the Spring, it is possible that there will be killings among the tribes, just as there have been on Belcher Islands. There may be unbelievers among us. You do not believe. I do not believe."

George Luokara rubbed noses with his wife, showing that he was proud of her discernment. Down in his subconscious mind there stirred the memory of the day when the first Eskimo and the first Polar Bear had come together. That was back in the days when the Ice Cap had covered the camp all about them, and extended down over the Great Lakes.

That had been a battle for survival. Self-preservation was the first law of Nature. Now, there would be another struggle. George and Leta would be victims of the fanatic Eskimo Messiah. They must protect themselves against the fate that had already visited Sara Apawkok, Keytowieack and Alec Epuk.

"We must go to Father Neilson," George Luokara solemnly decided.

He slipped down off the sleeping shelf, kicked his feet into his *kumiks*, slipped his parka over his head, and then turned to watch as his wife donned her

clothing. When they were ready to face the elements, each took up a spear and a sharp knife, and then moving like fury wraiths they slipped out of the igloo, covered the opening, and headed southward toward the Mission.

It was early morning when they reached it. They found the Reverend Neilson's house and knocked at the front door. Ernest Riddell was already up and he met them. He recognized them immediately, and remembered that George was a good friend of Peter's.

"You have not come to tell me that Peter has gotten into trouble, I hope?" he asked with a laugh.

"No," replied George stolidly. He was still loyal to his friend. "We have come to see the Reverend Neilson."

The dominie joined the white trader in the front room of his house, and blessed the two natives. Then George Luokara said:

"We trust Factor Riddell, and perhaps he knows all about what we are here to tell you. But first we would ask advice, and we would like to do it alone."

Ernest Riddell smiled, and withdrew. He was a bit puzzled at the actions of George and Leta, for Eskimos were not usually so serious about any matter. Reverend Neilson led them into his study; and both natives loosened their clothing. Then George said:

"Dominie, if the Lord were coming to the North, you would know about it, would you not?"

Reverend Neilson was puzzled, but he sensed the worry of the two Eskimos and said:

"Certainly."

"Has the Lord come to Belcher Islands?" Leta asked.

This second question flabbergasted the serious-minded clergyman, but at least he felt he knew the answer.

"No," he replied simply.

George and Leta were silent for several pregnant moments. Then George burst forth with all the details that Peter Sala had brought with him to Great Whale River. Reverend Neilson's face colored. Then it went white at the enormity of the thing that was happening on the islands sixty miles away. He sat down between Leta and George and said:

"You have done a very noble thing in coming here. I must speak to Ernest Riddell about this. He knows nothing about it, or he would have mentioned it. Is that satisfactory to you?"

George looked at Leta, then both nodded. He said simply:

"That is all right. The God you have brought to the Eskimos is an understanding God. He is a merciful God. He is not the murdering monster that has taken possession of Charley Ouyerack."

Reverend Neilson went to the door, called Ernest Riddell and the factor came into the room. He looked at the two Eskimos, then turned to the dominie for some explanation. The pastor let George Luokara repeat his story, wishing to learn whether the Eskimo would embellish it with any new details. But George told a simple, unpolished story, and the facts rang with the sound of authenticity.

When he was finished, Neilson raised his eyebrows. Riddell's jaw dropped. He expressed himself in two blunt words:

"It's murder!"

Reverend Neilson nodded. Then he turned to George and Leta and said:

"You realize that we will have to send for the Red Coats. They will want to ask you questions. Until they come, however, you will say nothing to Peter Sala, or any of your friends. We will try to get the Red Coats here before Charley Ouyerack leaves Belcher Islands for Great Whale River or the Western shores of Hudson Bay. Is that clear?"

"We undersand," George Luokara replied. "We will take back some supplies. It will explain our coming here to our tribesmen."

Reverend Neilson nodded. Ernest Riddell excused himself, and headed for the radio station. While George and Leta were packing up their small bundles, he was putting his message on the air:

*Royal Canadian Mounted Police:*

*Ottawa, Ontario*

*Three murders have been committed on Belcher Islands. Advise immediate police investigation.*

*Riddell*

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## Chapter 7

Sergeant Jim Malloy left Inspector Martin's office, and spent some minutes with Bob Sedgewick. Even though the winding trails, the purling creeks and vast tundras of the Arctic Northland were as familiar to him as the makings on the palm of his hand, Big Jim always checked the latest hydrographic maps and mosaic charts of the Royal Canadian Air Force before starting on a case.

Experience had taught him that while he might set out for Belcher Islands in the icy waters of Hudson Bay, there was nothing to guarantee that he would not pick up a lead that might take him to the far-off post at Baillie Island in the very shadow of the North Pole.

"What kind of places are these islands?" Bob Sedgewick asked. "I don't think I've ever heard much about them."

"I don't wonder," Big Jim Malloy replied with a chuckle. "They're composed of a gloomy group of rocky wastelands, rising only a few yards out of the sea. They're surrounded by moving pack ice until August each year. They were discovered about three

hundred years ago, but they weren't fully explored until 1915 when the late Sir William Mackenzie made an examination of the rocky islands in search of iron ore deposits."

Bob Sedgewick was making notes in his ever-present notebook, and then he asked:

"Why would an Eskimo commit murder?"

Big Jim Malloy looked up from the maps stretched before him on the flat-topped desk in his own room in Ottawa Headquarters. Big Jim Malloy had the run of the offices given over to the Criminal Investigation Bureau of the Royal Mounted, and often spent hours at a time brushing up on the latest criminal investigation data.

Only a few moments before he had looked in on a laboratory worker engaged in checking various types of footprints. At the earliest possible moment he would be back there again, going further into this absorbing branch of detective work.

"Why would an Eskimo commit murder?" Big Jim repeated. "Well, if you'd asked me that question fifteen or twenty years ago, I might have given you three answers. First, because he wanted someone's wife; second because he wanted someone's favorite harpoon or rifle; and third because he wanted to be the leader of his band."

Bob Sedgewick nodded. He knew better than to interrupt. From the tone of Big Jim's voice, he knew that the Sergeant was going to probe a good deal further into the mental processes of the Hudson's Bay Eskimo.

"Nowadays an Eskimo considers his wife in a

different light. He can buy articles of clothing at the trading posts. The posts can be supplied winter and summer by airplane. Therefore his wife's task of making his clothes is much less important."

Finally Sedgewick could contain himself no longer. "You mean that an Eskimo got married so that he could have a tailor in the family? What about—well—what about the other things a wife is supposed to do?"

"You mean as a mate?" Big Jim Malloy asked. "Well, that was a small matter. Eskimos have always been more or less promiscuous. It used to be a sign of hospitality for an Eskimo to lend his wife to any male who came to visit him. The Eskimos living on the Labrador Coast and in Greenland used to place their women at the disposal of the traders who came up and down the strait, in exchange for all sorts of goods and services."

"Used to?" Bob Sedgewick asked, smiling.

Big Jim Malloy growled, then a grin crossed his face and he said:

"Maybe they still do it. But I'm not allowed to tell you that officially. After all, you can't legislate a man's habits. In any case I hope I've convinced you that the Eskimos don't fight over their women. As for their rifles: All of the hunters have some kind of rifle now, and therefore the temptation to fight over firearms has been removed."

"There's still the matter of being the leader of the band," Bob Sedgewick pointed out. "Look what happened to a guy named Hitler who wanted to get hold of the baton!"

"Maybe that's it," Big Jim agreed. "But from what I know of the Belcher Islands, there are only about one hundred fifty natives there, and they're divided into five or six bands. That means that no group has more than about twenty-five people in it. With six leaders in such a small group, there doesn't seem to be any need for rivalry."

Bob Sedgewick nodded. Then Big Jim Malloy went on:

"The only thing we do know is that three murders have been committed. The other facts will have to wait until we get there. I like things that way myself. Then I don't go forming hazy conclusions that are never born out by the real truth. I think we'll take a run out to Rockcliffe this afternoon and see how the plane is coming along. Then I'll be back for another look at those footprints."

Bob Sedgewick agreed and after a hasty lunch they acted on the suggestion.

At the Rockcliffe barracks, where N. Division of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had its headquarters, Sergeant Malloy and Bob Sedgewick met Corporal G. B. Swaney. The corporal was the mechanic in charge of the *Norseman*, and he considered the sleek cabin plane with personal pride.

"How's she coming?" Big Jim asked.

"We've got most of the replacements now," the corporal replied, patting the sleek sides of the ship and the trim wings with the bold lettering CF-MPF etched upon them. "We're looking for a pilot willing to buck the Spring winds. We ought to be able to get away in no time."

Big Jim Malloy looked over the plane and then said:

"You've got a pretty big load there. Where do we ride?"

Corporal Swaney looked at the Sergeant, then asked:

"You don't expect to go in the plane, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Well," replied the corporal, "I understood from the Inspector that the plane is going up with only two men in it, at least as far as Moose Factory. The rest of the party is going overland. We'll meet you on the James Bay post, and fly you the rest of the way."

"Of course," Big Jim declared. "I should have known the arrangements." As he turned to Bob Sedgewick there was a serious expression on his face, and he said: "That's bad news for you, fellow. When the Mounties travel overland, they travel light. Especially in wartime, when there's a shortage of equipment. You'll have to count on me to get the dope for you."

Sedgewick's face indicated his disappointment. But he had been around Police Headquarters long enough to know that there was no arguing with regulations, and he knew, too, that there were times when one extra man on a sledge party might mean the difference between success and starvation.

"Okay," he said, as cheerily as he could. Big Jim talked a little while longer with the corporal, then they started back to Ottawa. Arriving back in the city, he looked up Inspector Martin and the two

Mounted Policemen were soon closeted in the Inspector's office.

"What's the trouble about a pilot for the *Norseman*?" Sergeant Malloy inquired.

Inspector Martin smiled, then leaned back in his chair and said:

"There's no trouble now. The Civil Aviation Branch of the Department of Transport has a man who's willing to make the trip. It's Roy St. John. You know him."

"I sure do," Malloy replied enthusiastically. "He's a good man. If anyone can get through there in this weather, he's the lad. I understand from Corporal Swaney that they're going to take the plane through to Moose Factory alone."

"That's right," the Inspector replied. "There'll be a lot of equipment and supplies we'll want to take up there. Swaney was in here this morning, and we decided that the plane would head for Kapuskasing with wheeled landing gear. At Kapuskasing they'll take off the wheels and substitute skis. We'll make for Moosonee, Ontario on the train. What happens from there on will be in the lap of the gods."

"We'll try to give the gods a proper helping hand," Big Jim declared. Then he took his leave.

He did not have to wonder where Bob Sedgewick had gone. Before the trip to Rockcliffe they had spoken of the police laboratory, and Big Jim wanted to check on a few things there. First he wanted to learn whether there was any news on the submarine code message; and secondly he wanted to see the

results of the footprint tests. Some new and interesting discoveries had been made along these lines in the past few weeks.

Bob Sedgewick was in the laboratory talking to the young lab assistant, Larry Duncan. Duncan looked up as the Sergeant walked into the room.

"Anything new at Belcher?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," Big Jim replied. "So I'm taking the time to catch up on my studies here."

"You don't expect to find footprints up there, do you?" Duncan asked with a smile. "Them Eskimo *kumiks* just don't leave any tracks. It's like trying to follow a white whale through the waters of the Hudson's Bay."

"You can do that, too," Big Jim replied soberly. "If you know how to go about it."

Both Duncan and Sedgewick looked at him attentively. Larry Duncan had learned more than one stray fact about the Northland and its secrets from the sturdy, smiling Irish sergeant.

"How do you figure that?" he asked.

"Well," Big Jim Malloy hesitated momentarily. "It's really simple when you come to think of it. Fish will follow the warm currents in the bay. The warm currents will be in the deeper waters. We know how these currents flow from the Hudson Strait down across the north end of Belcher Islands and toward the waters of the Churchill, Nelson and Albany rivers. Item number one, the migrations of fish. We know that the white whales eat the fish. Ergo, the whales will follow the fish, the fish will follow the warm currents, and if we want to follow

the whales and fish, all we do is follow the currents. It's a cinch. The Eskimos and the Cree and Ojibway Indians have been doing it for years."

"Boy," Bob Sedgewick laughed, "I'll have to put that in my notebook. How to track a white whale in one easy lesson."

"Okay. Now let's look at those footprints, and we'll get some more dope for your notebook." Big Jim announced.

"Why this interest in footprints?" Bob Sedgewick inquired, while Larry Duncan went back to his work. Big Jim Malloy watched as he talked, and demonstrated one of the many reasons why he was able to keep so many interesting and informative details in the carefully docketed file that was his mind.

"Any man who has been in the Northland and has had to determine whether human and animal neighbors were friendly or hostile by the signs of their prints in snow or mud, recognizes the importance of footprints," Big Jim Malloy declared. "Look at Robinson Crusoe. The first knowledge he had of his man Friday was the footprints in the sand."

"That's right," agreed Sedgewick, "but Friday was no murderer, or was he?"

"I don't remember," Big Jim replied soberly, "but coming more up to date, you may remember the Venezuela King case down in the United States."

Sedgewick's brow furrowed, then he tapped his jaw with his ever-present pencil, and finally a bright smile crossed his face. "Of course," he said. "That

was the murder in Wichita, Kansas. I heard about it, but I didn't get many details."

Big Jim settled on a high stool alongside the laboratory table on which Larry Duncan was working. He unlimbered his pipe from his tunic pocket, and tamped tobacco into the bowl. Then he lighted up, and moistened his lips to begin his story.

"It was in January of 1939," he said. "Mrs. Venezuela King stood by her car on the highway just west of Wichita, Kansas. Two boys were driving by in a car, and she hailed them. She identified herself and asked to be driven to the nearest police headquarters. The boys were curious about her trip to police headquarters, and Mrs. King was more than willing to talk. She told the driver of the car that her husband had been shot and killed by a hitch-hiker. They had picked him up in Wichita. As soon as they were outside the city limits, he had forced her out of the car and ordered her to walk down the road. When she returned, the hitch-hiker was gone, and her husband was dead in the front seat."

"What did the old guy have that was so valuable?" Bob Sedgewick asked.

"I didn't go into that angle of it," Big Jim Malloy declared. "Anyway, Mrs. King arrived at the police station. The police went back with her and found the murder weapon. It was a .25 caliber automatic. This was checked for fingerprints. There were none on the gun's smooth surface. An attempt was made to check the gun and trace its owner through pawnshops and gunsmiths, but it was a

washout. It looked as though the gun clew was going to be a complete bust. Then one of the investigators thought of footprints."

"But wouldn't they have seen the footprints while they were searching for the gun?" Bob Sedgewick interposed.

Larry Duncan looked up with a pleased expression, waiting for Big Jim Malloy to conclude the story. He was proud of his husky Mountie pupil.

"Well," Big Jim laughed, as he puffed contentedly on his pipe, "just as with fingerprints, there are any number of varieties of footprints that do not show up until you treat them. In the King case, the detectives spread a special lime preparation over the ground in the vicinity of the death car, then brushed off the excess." Sergeant Malloy paused dramatically.

"What did they find?" Sedgewick asked.

"Just what they expected to find," Malloy replied. "Clearly outlined in white were the marks made by a woman's high-heeled shoes. They led from the murder car to the spot where the .25 caliber automatic had been found. Mrs. King knew nothing of the turn the police investigation had taken. Later on when she was confronted with photos of the tell-tale prints, she confessed her guilt. The police were able to close the investigation without searching for her invented hitch-hiker."

"Boy, that was something," Bob Sedgewick declared. "I think I'm going to dig more deeply into this footprint business."

"You'll find it interesting," Larry Duncan de-

clared. "Modern methods of reproducing footprints have proven very valuable to a good many policemen. The value of footprints is becoming recognized as a definite aid in the identification of lawbreakers. There are any number of once unsolved cases that have been closed by investigators who knew the proper way to reproduce footprints, and how to use the data that may be gleaned from their examination and comparison."

The three men leaned over the work table and busied themselves with the tests that Larry Duncan had started early that morning. The afternoon slipped by rapidly and when it was time for supper, Bob Sedgewick looked at Big Jim and said:

"This is better than high-school science ever was. But I'm getting suspicious of you, Jim. You're not diving into all this stuff just for fun. You must figure you're going to have to do some footprinting up there on Belcher Islands. Holding out on me?"

Big Jim shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe," he said cryptically. Then he turned to Larry Duncan and said: "How about buzzing your pal at the Codes and Ciphers Branch, to check on those numbers? I'll begin to think René Le Compte was playing one of those policy games if we don't get something pretty soon."

Larry Duncan put through the call, turned back with a shake of his head, and said:

"They've run them through about five hundred combinations already, but haven't got a thing that makes any sense. The doc upstairs says he thinks you're wasting your time. Let Lieutenant Comstock

and the Navy worry about the St. Lawrence and the submarines while you're up in the Bush."

"Maybe you're right," agreed Big Jim Malloy. The phone beside Larry Duncan rang shrilly. He picked it up, spoke crisply into the mouthpiece, then turned to Big Jim and said:

"It's for you."

The sergeant took the phone and responded briefly. Then he snatched up a pencil, pulled a bit of scrap paper toward him, and started writing rapidly. When he was finished, he glanced over the note, and then said:

"Okay, Inspector. I'm ready to leave right away. I'll be at the railroad station with my things in half an hour."

"What's up?" Sedgewick and Duncan chorused.

For answer Big Jim Malloy pushed the paper toward them. He picked up some of the footprint notes he had made, stuffed them into the pocket of his tunic, and then turned toward the door. The message Sedgewick held read:

*Royal Canadian Mounted Police,*

*Ottawa, Ontario.*

*There have been more murders. Come Immediately.*

*Riddell*

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## Chapter 8

While Peter Sala was accompanying Factor Ridell on the trip to Great Whale River, the tense and horrible drama that had visited Belcher Islands was unwinding toward another bloody scene. Most of the Eskimos carried on their normal lives but some of those most virulently infected with the new theology devoted more time to the Eskimo Messiah and his teachings.

Peter Sala's sister, Mina Sala was among these. Her frenzy had found expression itself in the death of Sara Apawkok, and now she was furious in her zeal. Charley Ouyerack had gone away by dog team, and no one knew where.

Early on the morning of March 29th, Peter Quarack stirred himself in his igloo, woke his young daughter Eva Naroomi and said:

"This is a fine crisp morning. There is a need for seal-skins. Yesterday I saw air holes in the surface of the ice. The seals are close by. We will get the spears and go after them."

Eva Naroomi was willing. She got up, dressed

herself, and gathered the hunting equipment. Things had not been quite the same in the Quarack household since the murder of Alec Epuk. Father and daughter were glad to get away from the igloo, even if it was only for a day or two.

The rest of the Tuokarak camp was quiet when Quarack and Eva Naroomi started out on the seal hunt. They made their way across the ice, Peter Quarack carrying the sealing spears and the raw-hide line; Eva Naroomi pulling the small sleigh that would hold the catch.

They were almost out of sight of the camp when they found the air holes. White spots in the ice about the size of a large dinner plate, marked the air pockets. Peter Quarack took out his long, sharp knife and chipped carefully at the thin glaze. When the open water was beneath him, he drew back from the breathing spot, brought his spear up over his head, in readiness for the cast.

Back in the Tuokarak camp the other natives awoke and started about their daily activities. Mina Sala had her breakfast, then started out to visit the Eskimo encampment on the small island of Camsell about five miles away. In spite of the biting wind and blowing snow and sleet, she arrived in about two hours.

"Has Charley Ouyerack been here?" she asked her widowed sister, Kumudluk Sara.

"No, he has not been here," Sara replied.

Mina held her hand to her eyes to shade them from the glare of the ice and snow. Far out on the sea-ice of the bay she saw a pair of huddled figures.

She looked again. All of the people of Camsell island were in the camp about her. She has left the Tuokarak natives at their chores. Peter Sala was at Great Whale River with Factor Riddell. That figure on the ice must be Charley Ouyerack, but who was with him?

Mina's simple mind, turned by the religious fervor that had been seething among her people, could find only one possible explanation.

"Charley Ouyerack has told us that the Day of Judgment is at hand. That is Charley out there on the ice, and he has the Lord with him!" the Eskimo girl insisted.

As Mina looked about the encampment, her zeal increased. The only grown man in the camp was Mina's husband Moses, and he had learned long ago not to argue with her when she was making her prophetic speeches. Studying the others of the group, Mina knew she had a very receptive audience. She decided that because of her part in the death of the unbeliever, Sara Apawkok, she was being signally honored.

She gathered the Camsel group about her and said:

"Jesus is coming. You can see him out there on the ice. He is not getting any nearer, because he wants us to come out and meet him." She turned to the women and children and said:

"Take off your clothes and go out on the sea ice to meet Him!"

None of the natives shared Mina's enthusiasm, especially when they looked out of their igloos at

the biting wind and flying sleet. Some few of them saw the shadowy forms on the surface of the ice-covered bay, but whether this was a divine visitation or not mattered little to them.

Mina Sala didn't like this at all. With wild gestures and wilder threats of the evil that would befall those who didn't obey her dictum, she finally frightened her listeners into submission.

"Why must we take off our clothes?" Moses asked. "Is it fitting that we should go before the King with no clothes?"

"Did you have clothes when you came here?" Mina asked. "There is no need for material things in the world to come."

At Mina's command the women and children discarded their parkas, some of them took off their seal-skin *kumiks*. Like so many wolf-driven sheep the forlorn group followed Mina out on the ice, shivering with the piercing cold of the biting wind. There were thirteen in all, six adults and seven children.

For a while the vigor of their own exertions, and the fury of their pent-up feelings was enough to replace the discarded garments. But the warmth of religious fervor can only go so far, and Mina intended that her pilgrimage should be a long one. Further and further she led her little band from the Camsell island camp.

"Jesus is coming!" she repeated time and time again. But the fur-wrapped figures far out on the ice seemed to be moving further and further away.

Even though they'd lain aside their parkas and

*kumiks*, some of the women and children in the group still kept on their trousers made of bird skins with feathered sides in, or of baby seal. They provided some measure of warmth. But Mina soon demanded that these last coverings should also be removed.

There was now little doubt that the events of the past two months had driven Mina out of her mind, but there was no stronger power among the Eskimos to wrest the control from her insane fingers. The wind-bitten group halted on the ice, their toes and fingers freezing, while Mina took the pants and other clothing off the children.

Crying piteously, their bodies numbed by the wintry blasts, the helpless children begged for their garments, but Mina would not give them back. As the cold gripped the shivering pilgrims, their stricken limbs could no longer keep up with Mina Sala's firm strides. If her own salvation was directly ahead on the ice, she was not going to lose it because of the slowness of her companions.

Following the two fur-wrapped figures that had lured her out onto the ice at the access of her religious frenzy, Mina Sala left the others behind her to the mercy of the chill Arctic air.

Peter Quarack and his young daughter Eva Naroomi returned to Tuokarak with their seal-catch, unaware of the innocent part they had taken in the drama of Camsell Island.

Left to fend for themselves on the ice, the adults frenziedly sought shelter and warmth. Of the thirteen Mina had led out on the ice, seven managed to

reach safety. Mina's husband, Moses, a twenty-two year old youth, was held stupefied by the ice and snow that was blowing about him. Nevertheless he managed to arouse Nellie, a widow, and to stir Peter Sala's wife and Quarack's wife to gathering up three of the children and setting out through the whipping blizzard.

The dull glow of the sun made a gloomy pattern of light through the gray and angry clouds. It was a scene from a frozen Inferno.

Eskimo women are made of stern stuff, and many times when they bare their bodies to give added warmth to their offspring, or to nurse a young baby in mid-winter. With Moses as their guide, the three women following brought Peter Quarack's daughter Mary and Moses and Quarack, the two young sons of Peter Sala, to safety.

The other six froze to death on the ice. One by one they succumbed as their bodies were numbed by the cold, and their muscles could no longer fight off the paralyzing effect of the wind and sleet or keep them moving toward safety. The six included two adults, Mina's widowed sister, Kumudluk Sara, and her mother Nukarack. The four children who died were thirteen-year-old Moses and six-year-old Johnasie, Kumudluk Sara's son and eight-year-old Alec, Sala's natural son.

The frozen bodies were not brought in for burial until the next day.

Mina Sala returned to Tuokarak camp after the terrible scene on the ice. She said nothing of what she had done.

Early the next morning Ernest Riddell and Peter Sala came across the ice from Great Whale River, and struck the islands just above the Tuokarak camp. Naturally, during the trip Riddell had said nothing to Peter Sala about the news that had been given Reverend Neilson by George and Leta Luokara.

However, the present activities around the Tuokarak camp were disturbing. His curiosity was aroused. He watched as Mina came to meet her brother Peter. They talked for a while in the Eskimo dialect, and Ernest Riddell listened with some interest. Peter Sala turned to the factor and said:

"I must stay here. There has been a death in my family."

"That is unfortunate," Ernest Riddell replied sympathetically. "Who is dead?"

"My boy Alec," Peter Sala replied simply.

"I'm sorry to hear it," the factor declared. His glance had taken in the other natives and the members of the Quarack family also showed signs of mourning. His survey let him guess the number of deaths that had taken place, without yet arousing in him any suspicion of either Peter Sala or Mina.

"When you are through with your burials," he said, "you will join me at the post."

"Certainly, Mr. Riddell," Peter agreed.

Ernest Riddell got his dogs back into their traces, flicked the long raw-hide whip out over their backs. The prospect of dried fish ahead at the post was enough of an incentive to start the animals into their collars for the last lap of the journey.

Not long afterwards he was back at the post. He took only a few minutes to get the chill out of his bones, then he headed for the broadcasting station attached to the Hudson's Bay Post, and flashed that second SOS, urging the police to hurry.

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## Chapter 9

It was on April 5th that the *Norseman* with Pilot St. John at the controls and Corporal G. B. Swaney of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as mechanic, took off on the first leg of the flight to Belcher Islands. According to the originally announced plans, the ship was heading for Kapuskasing for the change-over to skis.

Inspector Martin, Sergeant Malloy and Corporal W. G. Kerr were on hand to watch the departure of the craft from Rockcliffe; so was Bob Sedgewick. When the plane had disappeared into the murky gray sky to the north and west, Sergeant Malloy turned to the Inspector and asked:

“When will we be getting under way, sir?”

Martin weighed a few things that he had been considering. “The *Norseman* will be leaving Kapuskasing sometime tomorrow. I’ve had weather reports from Moose Factory, and things will be in pretty good shape there. Constable Dexter at Moose Factory informs us that they have cleared runways at Moosonee at the end of the rail line, and at Moose Factory. They’ve been marked off clearly,

and rough ice patches skirting the landing fields have been identified by crosses.

Malloy nodded, then said:

"Then you're going to wait and see if the *Norseman* gets through all right before we leave here, is that it?"

"That's it," Inspector Martin replied. "If she doesn't make it, we're hitching up dog-teams, and heading right across the country to Port Harrison, and hope there's enough ice to take us out to the islands."

Big Jim Malloy nodded somberly. He had few illusions about the kind of a trip the dog-sledge trek would be in mid-April across the foothills of the Laurentians and down the ridges sloping to Hudson Bay. He did not relish the idea, even though the snow and ice and sleet had more often been a friend to him than an enemy.

Conjecture on the possibility of this trip remained just that, however, for two days later the welcome news arrived that the *Norseman* had completed its journey to Moose Factory.

Big Jim Malloy, had he been permitted to select his co-workers on the Belcher Islands case, would have been more than pleased with both Inspector Martin and Corporal Kerr. They were both veterans of many Arctic expeditions, and knew their way around.

The meager known facts of the case were discussed on the train from Ottawa to Moosonee. When the Royal Mounted party arrived at the end of steel, night and gloom gripped the railway termini.

nal in the delta at the lower end of James Bay. The station master who filled several other important jobs on the railroad greeted the fur-dressed red-coats and Inspector Martin asked:

“Where is the *Norseman* tied up?”

“Over at Moose Factory,” was the reply.

Moose Factory is three miles across the Moose River from the railroad station, and the three policemen had a lot of equipment with them. The prospect of packing this across on snowshoes was not too inviting. The Roman collar of the Dominie of the Anglican Mission loomed brightly among the other townspeople who had gathered at the station for the accomodation train.

Inspector Martin glimpsed it, and said:

“Good evening, Dominie. I’m wondering if you wouldn’t consider it a Christian duty to help three tired policemen across the ice of the river.”

A broad smile crossed the face of the clergyman and he said:

“Not only do I consider it a Christian duty, Inspector, but a privilege. We have a horse and sleigh at the Mission, and it is at your disposal.”

The vehicle was harnessed without delay, and with their equipment loaded, Inspector Martin, Sergeant Malloy and Corporal Kerr made their way across the ice. They arrived in Moose Factory in less than an hour.

Constable G. E. Dexter, in charge of the Royal Mounted detachment at Moose Factory had spotted the police party almost as soon as they came down on the ice of the Moose River, and he met them at

the river's edge. Arrangements had been made for them to spend the night at the Hudson's Bay Company staff house.

A lively game of cribbage whiled away some of the time at Moose Factory until the weather was clear enough to undertake the northward flight. The police renewed their acquaintance with an old friend, Doctor T. J. Orford, the Indian agent, and Inspector Martin said:

"We're going to take you along with us, Doc. You're being appointed Justice of the Peace and Coroner for the Northwest Territories. You'll have the real job when we get up there."

Doctor Orford was a veteran in the tundra and pine-forest country of the Canadian North. He was beloved of his Indians, and considered the Eskimos as other members of his big native family.

"This is the kind of job I don't like," Doctor Orford replied. "I hate to see the natives getting into trouble."

Sergeant Malloy nodded, then said:

"The quicker we step on them when they do get into trouble, the less likely they'll be to get into trouble later on."

Doctor Orford gathered the instruments, forms and documents he would require for his job of holding inquests and giving medical evidence at the preliminary hearings and trials. These were loaded aboard the *Norseman* with the equipment that had come up on the train with the police party.

Sergeant Malloy then went to talk to Constable Dexter. The constable was going to make his head-

quarters at the Roman Catholic Mission at Moose Factory. There was a powerful radio station here.

"Your job is to maintain radio contact with the plane at all times, and keep us informed of landing and ice conditions," the sergeant told him.

"I think I've got that all clear," Constable Dexter replied.

"After we've taken off, get in touch with the Hudson's Bay Post managers around James Bay, and ask them to advise the Officer Commanding 'G' Division in Ottawa, about the progress of the flight."

"Check," the constable agreed.

"You can relay the messages over the land telegraph station at Port Harrison, Quebec, or at Churchill, Manitoba," Sergeant Malloy concluded.

It was noon on the 10th of April when the *Norseman* again winged its way into the clouds on the last lap of the hazardous flight. Corporal Swaney leaned over the radio set and kept in constant touch with Constable Dexter.

Sergeant Malloy and Corporal Kerr found entertainment of their own. But the sergeant's quick mind was only half on the conversation. His under consciousness was groping automatically for the first threads that would lead him into the perplexing maze of the murders on Hudson Bay.

The snowstorm that had been brewing all morning struck the plane in mid-afternoon, and Corporal Swaney looked up from the radio set. There was a blank expression on the corporal's face, and finally he said:

"We're out of touch with Moose Factory, Inspector."

Martin turned to Roy St. John and said:

"What do you think of the course ahead?"

"Pretty muggy," the pilot replied. "But we'll get through."

Big Jim Malloy came up to join the conference. He rubbed the frosted windows with his big mitten, looked out into the driving snow, and then said:

"We're pretty close to Fort George now, and we've used up almost half our fuel. How about dropping down to the Fort for the night?"

Inspector Martin liked the idea, and Pilot St. John obeyed. The landing was made smoothly, and the men had a late dinner. Corporal Swaney took care of the ship, draining the oil, covering the engine with a canvas cover, and refueling the ship.

The next morning they were off bright and early, and the *Norseman* behaved magnificently throughout the 450-mile trip. On April 11th, as it passed over the desolate Belcher Islands, the passengers looked down on an extensive reef of snow, ice and rock. In the bright sunshine of the early Spring day, they spotted the blue-green surface of several small ice-covered lakes. In warmer weather they served as breeding grounds for ducks and geese. Now they sparkled and shone like a giant's necklace of rhinestones.

Factor Riddell had marked off the emergency landing field with coal sacks, and they provided an easily visible runway of black squares. The plane reconnoitered above the landing field for a minute

or two then gently, cautiously, it dropped to the snow in front of the Hudson's Bay Company buildings. The factor stood in the doorway of one of them, and he hurried forward to greet the newcomers as the ship taxied to a stop.

Pilot St. John shut off his motor. He flicked switches on his dash and then turned to help with the unloading. When the ship had been trimmed for anchoring, and the oil had been drained, the pilot relaxed. For the time his work was finished. The investigators' task was about to begin.

Sergeant Jim Malloy surveyed the surroundings with interest. He had been to Great Whale Factory several times, but never before had he covered the hundred miles of open water or shifting ice that separated the mouth of the river from the Belcher Islands. These bleak and windswept islands off the east coast of Hudson's Bay were usually swept by howling winds that held a constant velocity of fifty miles an hour during the three months from October to December, and saw only a slight lull in the early part of the year.

It was in this setting that Big Jim and the other police officers set out to gather the tragic facts and piece them together.

Big Jim's first thought was the constable who was glued to his radio set back at Moose Factory. Malloy went into Riddell's office, opened up the broadcasting set, and after checking the wave length and power stats, he broke through the static and weather disturbances and received a signal from Constable Dexter.

"*Norseman* safe at Belcher," he reported. "Stop-over at Fort George. Investigation underway. Acknowledge!"

Constable Dexter repeated the information, and then both stations signed off.

That night the official party and the factor gathered around the dinner table, and Inspector Martin said:

"Where are all the Eskimos?"

"Gone back to their camps," Riddell replied. "I tried to hold them around here as long as I could, but they must have sensed that something was up."

"Can we get up to the camps with the plane?" Sergeant Malloy inquired.

"I'm afraid not," Riddell replied. "There's too much drifted snow. About the only way to get in there is by dog team."

"We'll start out with the dogs the first thing in the morning," Inspector Martin decided.

Big Jim Malloy was studying the face of the factor. He saw a curious frown settle between Riddell's brows. Then the factor said:

"I'm afraid you won't be able to do that either. You see, I'd expected you to arrive a good deal sooner than you have. My supplies were running out, and we had to have more. I usually go myself, but I wanted to be here when you arrived. So I sent my clerk, Lou Bradbury, to Great Whale River with Peter Sala, my native guide."

Inspector Martin shook his head to show that he understood. But Big Jim Malloy was inclined to be suspicious. Big Jim's friends were not offended

when he included them in his list of suspects. They knew that when Big Jim finally unraveled a murder snarl, the innocent were completely cleared of any blame that might have been attached to them.

There were a number of things about Ernest Riddell's story that Big Jim was curious about. First of all, Malloy wanted to know how it was possible for any white man to live alone with a tribe of Eskimos as Riddell had been doing for two years, without knowing something about what was going on. Apparently two months had elapsed since Charley Oyerack first began preaching his new religion and the murders of the Camsell Island Eskimos. In other parts of Canada, the moccasin telegraph usually carried stories of this kind to the waiting ears of white hunters and traders almost as soon as they had happened.

Then, too, there was the brevity of the messages Riddell had sent. The Mounties were almost as much in the dark about the details as they had been when the first message had been received. And now that they were ready to begin their investigation, there was no dog team.

Time was a vital factor on the islands. Every hour counted. The *Norseman* was equipped with ski landing gear, and back at Moose Factory the river was melting, and soon it would be unsafe to land there. Sergeant Malloy had realized, before the party had set out, that they would have only a few days for their investigations, a week at the most.

Whatever evidence they failed to gather now could not be secured until after the summer break-

up when the *Norseman* would be able to land in the bay with floats. Even then, however, the Eskimo suspects and witnesses would be hard to locate. That was the season when the Eskimos in their clothing of bird skins and feathers would be busy picking cranberries and the other small fruit that the barren ground yielded.

The mighty hunters in their skin kayaks would be many miles away on the waters of the bay, skillfully stalking and killing the white whales.

Of course in considering the possible part that Ernest Riddell might have in the activities on Belcher Islands, the detective instincts that were a part of Big Jim Malloy's make-up searched in vain for a motive. The religious excitement of the Eskimos appeared to be a natural, if weird development.

Big Jim was more than willing to let Inspector Martin, Corporal Swaney and Corporal Kerr undertake the routine examinations in the case. He had already made up his mind to remain on Belcher Islands when the police party returned at the end of the week.

During the week the police mission was on the islands, their routine efficiency overcame the handicaps of transport to a considerable extent; and they were able to accomplish a good deal that the combination of weather, lack of dogs, and the other handicaps had tried to prevent.

By April 15th, the bodies of the four children and the two adults who had been buried at the Tuokarak Camp had been uncovered. The story of how they had died of exposure as a result of Mina's exhorta-

tions was narrated. Alex Epuk's body had been found and identified.

Doctor Orford had carried out his official duties with a neatness and dispatch that impressed both Ernest Riddell and the Eskimos in the various camps. They were seeing the white man's law in operation, and they were awed by it. They were making the first acquaintance of the big men in red coats, and it was a revelation to them.

Information and complaints were lodged by the police officers against Mina Sala, Peter Quarack and Adlaykok. They were charged with violations against section 263 of the Criminal Code of Canada.

Mina Sala was charged with the death of the four children and two adults. Peter Quarack was accused of the murder of Alec Epuk; while Adlaykok was arraigned for the killing of Keytowieack, in spite of the fact that the middle-aged Eskimo's body could not be found.

When the three prisoners were locked in a store-room at the Hudson's Bay Post, Inspector Martin joined Big Jim Malloy between the pine trees and beneath the flag pole from which flew the Dominion flag. He dry-washed his hands, and then patted them against his fur parka and said:

"Looks as though we're going to finish up here in good order."

"Finish?" asked Big Jim slowly. "I'd say the case was just about starting."

Inspector Martin shrugged his shoulders. Then he said:

"We've got three of the killers. We've located all of the bodies except two, and Anawak, one of the Eskimos, has promised to bring those in for us. What more do you want?"

Big Jim Malloy hesitated for a minute to load his pipe. Then he struck a match, lighted up the smoke, and blew a cloud of grayish mist upward into the chill air. Then as he clenched the pipe between firm, white teeth, he began counting off things on his finger.

"First, we haven't caught Charley Ouyerack, the ringleader of the outbreak. If our stories dovetail, Charley is liable to pop up among the natives on either shore of Hudson's Bay, and we'll have another murder epidemic on our hands. We haven't caught Akeevik, the woman who actually beat the brains out of little Sara, nor Alec Apawkok, who started all this bloodshed."

"I'll grant you that," agreed the Inspector. "But they'll be caught easily. They don't even know we're after them. They'll walk right back here into your waiting arms. You ought to have them all lined up for us before the ice goes out."

"Maybe," agreed Big Jim Malloy. "But in the second place we seem to have forgotten all about the strange figure of John the Baptist, the fellow who started Charley Ouyerack on his way. And what about Peter Sala?"

"John the Baptist?" Inspector Martin shook his head slowly. "Mina and the others who strolled out from Camsell Island spoke of seeing figures on the ice. We know now that they were Peter Quarack

and his daughter Eva Naroomi, peacefully hunting seals at an air hole. Might not this phantom John the Baptist be another innocent hunter, who just happened to be within view when Charley and Peter were out hunting? You know a good deal about the snow phantoms and the ice gods. They've been a part of Indian and Eskimo legend for hundreds of years."

Big Jim Malloy nodded slowly. But he wanted the benefit of the Inspector's wisdom as an aid to his own conclusions.

"But what about the walking on the water?" he asked.

"An ice sheet," the inspector replied. "If a man had his weight on it, it would be submerged, but if it were properly balanced it would support his weight. Floe ice works like that many a time. Doctor Grenfell over in Labrador was loose on a floe for some time. The water washed over the floe for some time, and he had to stay in his sledge to avoid it."

"Maybe you're right," Big Jim Malloy replied doubtfully. "I hope you are. But if you're not, I'm going to get at the bottom of this whole business, and I'll catch whoever is responsible for it."

"I'm sure you will," Inspector Martin agreed. He was proud that there were men like Big Jim Malloy in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

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## Chapter 10

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The brain that moved the long arm of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was solicitous about the welfare of the various members who worked at its finger-tips, solving the crimes that plagued the Northland. Two of these fingers were now probing for the explanation of the silence of the Belcher Islands investigators.

At Moose Factory, Constable Dexter spent regular hours at the radio set and sent out studied calls to Belcher Islands. He had spent a hectic sixteen hours while the *Norseman* was winging its way northward, until Sergeant Jim Malloy's message had reassured him.

Now another week had gone by, and he had been unable to reestablish communication with them. He had sent the calls out to the Hudson's Bay posts on James Bay for news of the plane and its occupants, but nothing had been reported to him. Finally in desperation he determined to call headquarters. The pleading call went out:

“Moose Factory calling ‘G’ Division, Ottawa!

Moose Factory calling 'G' Division, Ottawa!  
Come in Ottawa!"

There was a pause while the constable switched over to receiving, then the welcome signals came through. The outside world was stretching forth a comforting hand to one of its police outposts. Constable Dexter's ears received the encouraging response:

"'G' Division calling Moose Factory. 'G' Division calling Moose Factory. Come in Dexter."

Constable Dexter assembled his notes, then read them carefully to the signal officer at Ottawa.

"Unable to establish contact with Belcher Islands and Inspector Martin. The snow and ice at Moose Factory are melting with dangerous rapidity. When the break-up comes along, the smooth surface of the landing field will be a treacherous mass of jagged crevices. Advise action to be taken!"

The constable glued his ear to the receiving set, then listened to the studied reply from the Dominion capital.

"Make another attempt to contact Belcher Islands direct. Then send the warning via radio land stations at Port Harrison, Quebec, and Churchill, Manitoba. We will try to contact Belcher Islands direct."

Constable Dexter acknowledged the instructions, and immediately went ahead with his part of the job, confident that the far-reaching facilities of a great police organization were cooperating with him.

A huge map hung in the headquarters of the

Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Ottawa marked the course of the men in the *Norseman*, and indicated the location of the stations attempting to maintain contact. A roster pennant was pinned to the map and was checked now and then by an Assistant Commissioner.

On Belcher Islands, at the Hudson's Bay Post, Big Jim Malloy was tinkering with the radio set on the night of Constable Dexter's worried report to Ottawa. Outside darkness had closed in. Now and then the squeal of a puppy or the bark of a half-grown dog broke the silence of the night. Snow was whipping about the six buildings of the post with a lonesome swishing sound.

The fire in the open fireplace sent up a cheery glow. Finally the placid silence of the room was broken by the crackle of the radio set. Big Jim fined down the tuning, and then those gathered about heard the message:

"Commanding Officer 'G' Division calling Belcher Islands. Commanding Officer 'G' Division calling Belcher Islands. Come in, Belcher Islands."

There was a warning impulse in the signals that knifed through hundreds of miles of Arctic night and brought comfort to the men on isolated patrols. It was a great deal different from the not-so-distant past when constables on snowshoes or dog-team patrol were out of touch with their barracks for months and sometimes years at a time.

Big Jim Malloy switched his set, and then said:

"Belcher Islands calling 'G' Division. Belcher Islands calling 'G' Division. Come in 'G' Division."

"Is Inspector Martin there?"

Inspector Martin came to the set, announced himself, and spoke at some length to the Commanding Officer in Ottawa. When the report had been concluded, Big Jim Malloy again took over the set. This time he switched to the wave length of the land radio station at Port Harrison.

The hum of the carrier wave came to his ears, and on a hunch he switched to sending and spoke crisply.

"Belcher Islands calling Port Harrison. Sergeant Malloy calling Port Harrison. Come in, Port Harrison."

The tone of the carrier beam strengthened, and then the familiar voice of the operator at Port Harrison came through.

"Glad to get hold of you, Sergeant," the operator declared. "We have an urgent message from Constable Dexter for you. He says the ice is softening up on the Moose River. Can you advise time of departure?"

The sergeant consulted with Inspector Martin, and the Inspector talked things over with Doctor Orford and the others. Then Big Jim Malloy returned to his broadcasting and said:

"The investigating party will leave the islands as soon as the weather is favorable. Check with Constable Dexter. We will keep in touch with you."

Port Harrison signed off. Roy St. John and Corporal Swaney busied themselves with the plane. On April 17th the three prisoners were crowded into the plane, and when a break came in the weather, the ship took to the air. Even with Big Jim Malloy

remaining behind, the plane was pretty heavily loaded.

Big Jim Malloy watched the craft out of sight, and then went back to the radio hut to keep track of the ship with his instruments. Ernest Riddell and some of the natives gathered with him to watch the *Norseman* take off.

The plane was hardly out of sight of Belcher Islands post when it ran into bad weather. Pilot St. John had planned on flying direct to Moose Factory, but the natural obstacles that confronted him and the safety of his passengers made this impossible.

He landed the plane on Duck Island, and captors and captives remained there for several hours until a rift appeared in the bleak sky-dome. After remaining on the island until a safe course was assured, the plane again took off, and arrived at Great Whale River at six o'clock in the morning.

The winds that usually disturb the elements at Great Whale Factory served as helpmates in dispelling the clouds that landlocked the *Norseman*; and later in the day the Police ship flew on to Moose Factory where the three prisoners were lodged in the R.C.M.P. guard room.

In coming down over the river, Pilot St. John was mindful of the warning that Constable Dexter had sent out. He set his heavily laden plane cautiously down on the mushy surface of the river. The weakening ice bobbed and weaved like a roller coaster. Pilot St. John taxied his ship as close to shore as he could get, and breathed a sigh of relief as the last of the passengers was unloaded.

When the prisoners had been turned over to the Constable and safely lodged in the jail, Inspector Martin and Roy St. John went into conference.

"Do you think we can get off again in the plane?" the inspector inquired.

"We might, if we left right away," the pilot replied. "But the ice is softening up. The watersheds are loosening up down south and the flow is working under the ice."

Its prisoners cared for, the police party determined to start without delay. Constable Dexter and the other white men of the Factory went down to the river's edge to watch the take-off. After several unsuccessful attempts, Inspector Martin finally decided that it would be wisest to return by train.

Corporal Swaney stayed with the plane. He would have it pulled up on the shore, and would store all the equipment in the detachment shed. Inspector Martin, Corporal Kerr and Pilot St. John traveled to Moosonee by dog-team, negotiating the open stretches of wafer by a canoe which they had lashed to the sleigh.

They left Moosonee on a gasoline speeder, hoping to make train connections at Fraserdale. A heavy snow was falling. The travelers soon found that this was not only going to be a discomfort, but a down-right handicap. Eight inches of ice and snow blocked the rails, and the speeder was held up time and again.

It took the trio sixteen hours to complete the ninety miles to Coral Rapids. Cochrane was reached the next day, and the final lap of the journey to the

capital was completed without incident. Throughout the return trip, the weather had proven a most formidable and relentless antagonist.

Big Jim Malloy's reaction to the radioed report was a twinkling smile. Ernest Riddell was with him when he received it. They were waiting for the return of Lou Bradbury and Peter Sala from Great Whale River.

"It's much more comfortable up here than on one of those gasoline speeders."

Big Jim Malloy retired early that night, foreseeing a busy day ahead, when Peter Sala was due to return. It was a few minutes after ten in the morning when the supply train arrived, drawn by its dog-team. Ernest Riddell greeted Lou Bradbury and asked about the trip.

"Not too hard," Bradbury replied. Peter Sala mumbled a few pleasantries, then looked at Sergeant Malloy. Riddell noted the direction of his gaze, and said:

"Boys, I want you to meet Big Jim Malloy, sergeant in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He's up here on business."

Lou Bradbury looked puzzled. Apparently Riddell had kept his secret carefully. But a guilty conscience was enough to stir the depths of suspicion in Peter Sala's being.

"What's the business?" he asked in the Kittok-tangmiut dialect.

Big Jim looked at Ernest Riddell, flashed him a wink. As long as they kept Peter Sala guessing, the chance of getting a line on the whereabouts of

Charley Ouyerack and the other suspects would be increased.

"I understand you lost a little boy about three weeks ago."

Peter Sala nodded slowly. Then he said:

"An unfortunate accident. It was nothing more. The boy was only eight years old. He was not strong enough to become a great hunter."

Big Jim Malloy was familiar with the stolid fatalism of the Eskimo. But he still held the sharper weapon in this duel of wits.

"That is hardly the story your sister Mina told," Big Jim declared.

"Women are always spinning yarns," Peter Sala replied. "It is one of their simplest amusements. Where is Mina now?"

Big Jim Malloy shrugged, then turned away. As he walked off, he said:

"The Sergeant of the Red Coats does not talk to the Eskimo with the forked tongue."

Peter Sala was glad to see the broad back of Big Jim Malloy. But he wanted an answer to his question. He turned to Riddell and asked:

"Where is Mina?"

"They have taken her away in the great bird that roars," Riddell explained. "The bird flew in with the sergeant and other red coats a week ago. The moccasin telegraph carried the news of the Eskimo killings to the ears of the great chief in Ottawa. With Mina have gone Peter Quarack and Adlay-kok."

Peter Sala was puzzled. His acquaintance with

airplanes was limited. He had caught glimpses, now and then of patrol planes flying overhead, had heard the great roar they made. But never had he been close to one. The men in red coats were powerful men indeed. Peter Sala would have to find Charley Ouyerack and talk to him.

Big Jim Malloy expected just that, and he would be close to Peter when that meeting took place.

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## Chapter 11

Peter Sala left the Belcher post of the Hudson's Bay Company late that night. Big Jim Malloy was standing in the shadow of one of the pine trees when the stocky Eskimo headed away through the darkness. All about from the buildings there was the drip-drip-drip of melting snow, and out on the Bay there was the crush and clatter of breaking ice. rifts and crevasses were opening and the fingers of winter were relaxing.

Peter Sala trudged northward through the slush and headed directly for the Tuokarak Camp. Big Jim, despite his bulk, moved along behind the Eskimo over the bleak tundra with all the ease and effortless dispatch of a wraith. When Peter Sala looked back, Big Jim Malloy froze into immobility and the blanket of darkness concealed him.

At one of the igloos in the Tuokarak Camp, Peter Sala turned in for the night. Big Jim Malloy camped in a depression about a quarter of a mile away, and settled himself for a sleepless night. The break of dull gray dawn was not far away.

Just before the lighter tone of day crossed the

eastern sky from the direction of Richmond Gulf, Peter Sala came out of his igloo. He was carrying a kayak on his back, and an Eskimo woman hurried along beside him, with a number of articles of equipment.

Big Jim watched, while Peter Sala settled the kayak in the water, stored his supplies in the forward opening, and laced up the covering. Then he fastened himself into the rear cockpit, and took up the double-bladed paddle. This would be handy for moving through the open water, and would be easily packed across the firmer ice.

Big Jim watched the Eskimo's departure, marked the direction of his flight, and then strode boldly into the Tuokarak Camp. He sought out Anawak and said:

"You have promised the inspector that you will bring the bodies of Sara and Keytowieack to the Hudson's Bay Company post at Belcher. Is that right?"

"That is true, redcoat," the Eskimo replied. "I will take care of it as soon as travel is drier, and there I will bury them under the rocks."

"Fine," replied Malloy, "when the doctor returns we can exhume them and the post mortems will be held. But where is our friend Peter Sala?"

He asked this as though he had not been trailing Sala all night, and as if he knew nothing about the flight in the kayak. Anawak looked about him nervously; he seemed afraid someone might be eavesdropping. Then he said:

"Peter Sala is fleeing from the redcoats. He is

afraid of the great bird that flies. He is going to join Charley Ouyerack."

Big Jim Malloy nodded his head slowly, then he said:

"In which direction has he gone?"

"He will follow the island chains northward past King George, the Sleepers and Cape Dufferin."

Big Jim looked Anawak in the eye, then said:

"Are you sure you are telling the truth? I have heard that Charley Ouyerack has set out for Eskimo Point on the other side of the bay, that he will not be back until next winter."

Anawak shrugged, shook his head slowly, then said:

"Eskimos do not cross from Belcher Islands to Eskimo Point in winter or spring. The Government ice-breakers working to keep the grain route open to Europe are constantly steaming up and down the bay. There is too much open water where they have been. It extends all the way from Churchill to Mansel Island and Hudson Strait."

The Eskimo's statement was straightforward, and Big Jim Malloy was familiar with its elements of truth. Perhaps there was some other reason for Charley Ouyerack's trip and Peter Sala's flight. Big Jim Malloy would have to find out without delay.

Anawak helped to secure a kayak for the police sergeant, and less than half an hour behind the fleeing Eskimo, Big Jim headed out on the trail. Just what he expected to find at the other end of the chase, he had no idea.

Ordinarily a kayak trip among the islands in the

late spring might have been the dullest thing in the world, but Big Jim Malloy had long ago supplied his own variation of the poet's "books in flowing brooks." He watched with interest as the young seals slithered off into the water from bobbing ice cakes.

He saw small islands in the Baker's Dozen group where Canada Geese and other wild birds would be stopping in another week or so on their long trek from Lake Pontchartrain in Louisiana to the Southampton Island and other nesting places where they raised their young.

Young dolphins, white whales of commerce, locked beneath the ice sheath for the greater part of the winter, would be sunning themselves and sporting. And ever ahead of him would be the rugged coastline of Eastern Hudson Bay, the bleak strands of Ungava, nowhere rearing higher than six hundred feet.

He caught a glimpse of Peter Sala late in the afternoon, when they were both hugging the coastline near where the Nastapoke River flowed into the bay from the Seal Lakes. Peter Sala headed inland, and pulled his kayak out to camp. Big Jim Malloy sought shelter about a quarter of a mile behind the Eskimo and then, crawled forward to check the native's landing place.

Big Jim had covered about half the distance, and was sprawled out on a small knoll gazing down into the Eskimo camp. There were eight men in the camp. Never having seen any of the Belcher Islands Eskimos, Big Jim was unable to determine

whether Charley Ouyerack and Adlaykok were among the campers.

The Mountie sergeant was about to crawl ahead in an effort to overhear the talk about the driftwood fire, when instinct suddenly whipped his head aside.

A splatter of metal bounced off the snow-covered rocks a scant foot from his head. Following the shot by a split second came the sound of a rifle explosion and the scream of the bullet.

Big Jim Malloy scrambled behind a scattering of rocks. He pivoted on his belt buckle and his service pistol leaped out of its holster. But with the gray background there was no way of locating his ambusher. Down in the Eskimo camp there was considerable activity. At the first sound of the shot snow had been thrown on the fire, and it had gone out with a hiss of steam. The eight men ducked in all different directions.

A second shot probed for the ambushed sergeant, and this time he saw the flash of fire, and returned two bullets from his pistol.

"I sure got myself in a jam here," Big Jim muttered. "No one knows where I've gone, and no one will miss me if I don't come back, unless it's Sedgewick."

He firmed his jaw, then leveled his gun again as he watched a black shadow scamper across the bleak rocky slope about two hundred yards away from him. He looked toward the kayak where his rifle was packed, and cursed under his breath.

Then there was a lull in the firing while both gunners sought out each other's weaknesses. Sud-

denly Jim Malloy was aware of another factor that had come into the fight. A parka-clad figure loomed up behind him like a shaggy bear. Even as he sensed the new antagonist, the man was rearing back with a long skinning knife and bringing it down toward Jim's spine.

Big Jim Malloy rolled over in the same second that the knife swished through the air and grated against the side of his ribs. There was the pain of the sharp stab; Big Jim's massive chin was the target for a bulletlike fist; his attempt to bring up his gun was cut short before it fairly started.

The sergeant's head went back to his rocky bulwark, and thwacked against it with stunning force. Big Jim slumped. His pistol dropped out of his fingers. The Eskimo withdrew the knife, ran his fingers along the bloody blade, and wiped it on the sealskin breeches.

Big Jim Malloy was only half-conscious as he watched this movement through slitted eyes. He heard a voice giving the Eskimo killer commands in the Kittoktangmiut dialect. Then the two fur-clad figures moved away. There was something about the gait of the rifleman that struck a familiar chord in Big Jim's muddled mind. But it would take clear thinking to harness the likeness up and make it work for him.

Right now, Sergeant Malloy decided that a good deal more could be gained by laying doggo than by rushing against nine men, at least one of whom was armed with a devilishly accurate rifle.

The bleeding from the knife wound along Big

Jim's ribs fell off, and part of the dizziness cleared from his head. He pushed himself up on his elbows. His keen ears regained their sharpness, and he listened for sounds from his attackers. There was no trace of them. Big Jim Malloy climbed to his feet, shook his head to clear it, picked up the fur cap that had been knocked off by his fall, and glanced around him.

Hissing steam still rose from the fire. Big Jim Malloy headed toward it and soon came down to the shores of the Nattapoke River. He had his emergency pack with him, and he secured his flashlight. He darted its ray of light about the encampment. There were the slithering marks of the kumiks of the Eskimos and while Big Jim Malloy might have been able to find worn spots in the tracks of the sealskin boots that would help him to identify the wearers, he had something else on his mind.

In his experience in tracking down the killers of the Northland, Big Jim Malloy had found that usually when an Indian or an Eskimo went on the rampage there was a white man behind him. The cupidity of the trappers and traders of the Northwest Territories and Ungava had often prompted them to capitalize upon the simplicity and quick temper of the natives.

Big Jim did not search in vain.

At the edge of the river, in a small patch of melting snow there was the print of a pair of gum boots. The long hours that Big Jim Malloy had spent in the laboratory at Ottawa with Larry Duncan had not been spent in vain. His handy notebook opened

to the point where he had jotted down the data on snow prints.

"I would have to pick the toughest kind in the business," Big Jim muttered. But in the past he had often done this. The kit for handling the print had been packed carefully in his dunnage, and now he went to work with as much ease and determination as if he had been in a parquet-floored living room in one of Canada's cities, instead of beside a rushing stream at the height of the spring break-up.

First he treated the print with powdered resin. He sprayed the powder on with a small syringe, and took particular care to see that the entire print was covered sufficiently so that the powder adhered to all the moist surface. Next he sprayed shellac on lightly. More powdered resin was applied, and three further alternate layers of resin and shellac were added. As a result of Big Jim's operation, he now had made a crust-like shell which contained the actual details of the original print.

The sergeant then set about making a plaster-mix to retain the impression of the gum-boot. He built a small wall about the print, and then ladled out his plaster-mix, starting at the deepest part of the print so as to avoid the formation of bubbles of trapped air. He continued filling in until the plaster reached halfway up the wall. Then he saturated a piece of burlap cut to the size of the cast with plaster-mix and placed it in position; then he added plaster to the top of the wall.

After about fifteen minutes, the plaster reached its initial set. Big Jim then took the point of his

hunting knife, and with it inscribed his name, the date and place on the partially hardened surface. A few minutes later, at the peak of its spontaneous heat, the cast reached its final set.

When the heat diminished, Big Jim gently raised the cast by lifting one end and letting air in gradually. By continuing thus, the least possible resistance was encountered and the cast, in its entirety, was withdrawn with ease. As soon as the cast was completely hardened, Sergeant Malloy washed it gently in lukewarm water, taking care not to obliterate the fine details.

With this important clue in his possession, Big Jim gave way to his appetite and, kindling a small fire, he made himself a small pot of savory stew. At the same time, his experienced eyes had been darting here and there in an effort to spot the line of flight of his men.

Out on the bosom of the Bay he finally saw something that caught and held his attention. Two boats were pulling away from the mouth of the Nastapoka River. One was a whaleboat in which Big Jim counted eight men. The other was the kayak in which Peter Sala had come to the rendezvous.

Big Jim watched the two craft with some interest, until they were almost out of sight on the horizon. Just where they might be headed was something he had no way of telling. But before he had an opportunity to conjecture about it, something else happened to rivet his attention.

Out on the darkly rimmed skyline fingers of flame darted heavenward. At first Big Jim was prompted

to the belief that they were late season Northern Lights. But his own knowledge told him that the Aurora Borealis seldom lights the Arctic sky in springtime. This was a fire, and from the darting, throbbing tongues of red and yellow, purple, green and white that fingered the dusk of nightfall, it was a big one.

Big Jim's half eaten meal was abandoned. All of his dunnage was left behind except his rifle and cartridges, and the equipment buckled to his hard-lined capable body. He lowered himself into the kayak rapidly, laced the rawhide thongs about him, and paddled furiously toward the fiery beacon beyond the horizon.

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## Chapter 12

As Big Jim Malloy paddled the kayak over the ice-filled waters of the bay, he was trying to determine the seriousness of the fire by the signs painted against the gloomy backdrop. Finally he was close enough to see the boat itself. It was a great, black-hulled vessel, and he recognized it almost immediately as one of the grain carriers that regularly worked from Fort Churchill to Liverpool, easing the strain on the economy of Great Britain during the stern years of the World War.

Long since, Big Jim Malloy had lost sight of Peter Sala's kayak and the whaleboat that held the eight other Eskimos. They most certainly had seen the sky-high flare of the burning boat, but apparently they had no intention of offering their aid.

The heat from the burning vessel reached out to touch the sergeant; it dried the salty spray that had crusted on the shoulders of his parka. His face began to blister from the scorching air. All about, the ice cakes had been melted and the water was roiling with the steam that lapped against the side of the ship.

Off to one side Big Jim spotted two lifeboats. He steered his kayak in their direction, and was closing in on the first boat when a hoarse voice called to him.

"Stay where you are, or I'll shoot!"

In the flickering flames from the fire, Big Jim Malloy saw the rifle in the hands of the ship's officer. He paused in his paddling and let his kayak bob up and down on the crest of the disturbed waves. Then he pushed back his parka hood and pulled off his fur cap and said:

"Law talking! This is Sergeant Jim Malloy of the Royal Mounted."

At the first sound of his ringing words in clear, Irish tinged tones, the rifle was lowered, and the officer said:

"Come in slow, Sergeant. Let's have a look at you!"

Big Jim Malloy resumed paddling, and in a few moments he was alongside the first lifeboat. Almost immediately he recognized the captain who had leveled the rifle at him. It was Louis Breasted of the grain carrier *Assiniboine*.

"Hello, Lou," Big Jim greeted. "What's coming off here?"

"I wish to God I knew," Louis Breasted replied fervently. "I thought I might get the answer from you. There's a good many thousand bushels of grain going up in smoke, and the starving people in Europe looking for them as soon as the ice goes out of Hudson Strait. They'll never get there now."

Big Jim shook his head, then asked:

"Get everybody off?"

"Every soul," Breasted replied, "but two of them aren't in any shape to sail again."

"Meaning?" Sergeant Malloy encouraged.

"That you don't do much work with a bullet in your heart."

Big Jim stiffened.

An Arctic wind had blown up, and the flickering flames that now etched the glowing metal sides of the *Assiniboine* were dying down. Now and then there would be an extra dart of flame as a hatch burned through and caved in. Big Jim realized that the men in the lifeboats had been through a trying experience, and he said:

"We can talk about it when we make port. Follow me and we'll head for the Sleepers."

The Sleepers are a small group of reeflike islands just north of King George Islands; and with the run of the current through the broken ice, they would be easier to reach than the mainland on the Nastapoke River that Big Jim Malloy had left. He could go back later for his equipment.

The kayak was held fast alongside the captain's lifeboat, and Big Jim climbed into the larger craft. When he settled beside the skipper, the oarsmen leaned into the pull and the lifeboat headed northward. Louis Breasted took hold of Jim's shoulder and asked:

"What are you doing away up here?"

"Trouble with the Eskimos," Big Jim declared succinctly. Flock of murders on Belcher Islands. Nine dead. That's enough trouble for any man."

"You're right," agreed Captain Breasted. "And two murders on the *Assiniboine* makes eleven."

Big Jim Malloy perked up his ears at this remark, looked at the captain and asked:

"What have they got to do with the Eskimos?"

"Maybe you can help us there," the skipper responded quickly. Several of the sailors were taking in every word exchanged between the mountie and the officer, so Big Jim said:

"Okay by me. We'll swap yarns when we've gotten some food under our belts. Your fire interrupted my supper."

No one cared to talk in either of the two life-boats, which were now lashed together for several reasons. In the first place, only one compass had been salvaged, and second, traveling in the dark with the rotten ice all about them, there was an excellent chance that one of the boats might be lost or damaged.

It was well after three in the morning when the two boats, with the help of a jury rig in each craft, finally picked up the southernmost of the Sleepers. Most of the sailors were curled up on the seats, their heads resting against the gunwales or a neighbor's shoulder, while they tried to catch some sleep. Captain Breasted was steering the leading boat, while First Mate Otto Mulhause was at the helm in the following lifeboat.

Big Jim Malloy was the first man ashore, and he caught the line that Captain Breasted threw. When he'd made it fast around a rocky promontory, the ship's mate came alongside and his craft was also

moored. The tarpaulins were lowered over the boats, and the exhausted men remained where they were for want of more comfortable beds.

Captain Breasted wrapped a muffler around his neck, pulled a snow mask up over his face, and strode off with the police sergeant. When they were some distance from the boats, and lost in the gloomy Arctic night, Big Jim asked:

“What’s it all about?”

The captain cracked his knuckles, looked around him slowly as though afraid the hazy darkness would yield some ghostlike image that would throttle him, then said:

“It’s the Eskimos! A band of them came aboard early yesterday afternoon. We thought they were one of the Driftwood Point bands moving across the ice, and heading for Ungava. Sometimes they’ll stop at a shiu for something to eat. We welcomed them aboard and fed them. The men were going about their usual work, stowing things against the weather, and watching for the ice breaker which was to come from Mansel Island at the break-up and get us up into the Strait.”

Captain Breasted paused to draw a pipe from his jacket pocket. Big Jim Malloy matched the action, and a few moments later glowing pipe coals marked the two figures where they sat upon a boulder on the rocky shores of the southern Sleepers.

“Suddenly the Eskimos whipped open their parkas, and we saw that they were all carrying rifles. At first I thought it was some sort of joke, but when two of the men ducked for a companionway, the

rifles opened fire and they were drilled through the heart just as cold-bloodedly as though they had been walrus aiming for an open sea."

"How many were there?" Big Jim asked soberly.

"Sixteen," Breasted declared. "We might have handled them if we'd known what they were up to, but before we had any idea of what it was all about, they had us covered. I had most of our firearms locked up in a cabinet in my cabin. They broke into that without delay and cleaned us out. Some of the guns they loaded into their boats. Others they handed out to the raiders on the ship, and then they herded us into the dining room."

"Did you recognize any of them?" Big Jim inquired.

"Most Eskimos look alike to me," the captain replied. "Especially when they're all rigged out in their winter furs. When I meet them at Churchill or one of the other posts I can spot a familiar face here and there, but otherwise I'm stuck."

"Why did they burn the ship?" was the sergeant's next question.

"I can't figure that at all," Breasted replied. "I watched them through a porthole, and they began unloading our grain shipment. They worked at that for three or four hours, then they all left the *Assiniboine* at once, and when I saw them going, I immediately signalled the crew and we rushed out. The ship was already on fire. We tried to flood the holds, but it did no good. They had done too good a job."

Big Jim kicked his *kumiks* into the snow at his feet. He tapped the bowl of his pipe several times

to loosen the dottle. Then he wrinkled his nose in a characteristic gesture reminiscent of a bird dog on the scent.

"What are you planning to do now?" the sergeant asked matter-of-factly.

"What does any skipper do in time of war?" Breasted bristled. "I'm heading back to Churchill for another ship. If I can't get one to command, I'll ship before the mast."

The Mountie sergeant liked the spirit of the old British skipper, but the story of the capture and burning of the *Assiniboine* had not simplified his investigation of the Hudson Bay murders. Instead it had added new and complicating factors. What had begun by looking like the half-crazy mutterings of an isolated band of Kittoktangmiuts was now spreading the length and breadth of Hudson's Bay, and might well develop into a reign of terror that would have repercussions in Ottawa as well as Liverpool.

"Did you hear any of the Eskimos called by name?" Sergeant Malloy asked.

Captain Breasted reflected for a few moments, then shook his head slowly. "I don't know many of these dialects up here, seldom having occasion to use them. Only one fellow in the group seemed to know anything about the English language, and he spun the Eskimo chatter when he was talking to his men. Maybe Otto recognized them, he's been up in this country a good many years. Used to trap in the winter months when navigation was closed."

Almost before they had taken two steps in the

direction of the lifeboats and the sleeping men, Mate Mulhouse was beside them.

"Are you looking for me, Captain?" he asked.

"Yes, Otto," the captain said. "Sergeant Malloy and I have been trying to get at the bottom of this rotten business. The sergeant's been chasing a trio of Eskimo killers, and he thought one or more of them might have been in the party that raided our ship."

"And you want to know if I recognized any of the raiders?" Otto Mulhouse caught the trend of the discussion immediately. "Well"—the first mate was hesitant about expressing himself—"this is serious. I don't like to put any man's neck into a noose. But we've got to have law and order in the Northwest Territories. It is the only way anybody can be safe."

Big Jim Malloy agreed in principle but he was seeking succinct information.

"Quite right," the sergeant declared, "but about the Eskimos, did you recognize any of them?"

"I believe I did," the first mate replied bluntly. "I've seen several of them at Father Pigeon's place at Eskimo Point. They weren't the Iglookmiuts from north of Chesterfield Inlet. They were shorter, and came from somewhere out here in Hudson's Bay. Father Pigeon had a name for them. But I can't just remember it."

"Kittoktangmiuts?" Sergeant Malloy inquired.

"That's it," Otto replied. "It means the 'people of the islands', or something of the sort."

"That's right," agreed the sergeant. "That's the

bunch I've been trailing for some time. Did you recognize any of the individuals?"

The first mate looked at the captain, then said: "There were three of them that looked familiar to me. One was called Charley Ouyerack. Then there was Rufus Apawkok, and a fellow named Peter Sala."

Big Jim's heart leaped. His eyes narrowed. His trail had taken a curious twist out here on the bosom of Hudson Bay. But there was only one thing wrong about the names Otto had given the Eskimos. He would check on that immediately.

"This Rufus Apawkok, did he have red hair?" Sergeant Malloy asked.

"He did," Otto Mulhouse confirmed. "Does that mark him for you?"

"Just about," the sergeant replied. "You see, I've ben following one of the Kittoktangmiuts named Alec Apawkok. The name 'Rufus' means 'The Red', and may be a nickname rather than a given name. I wanted to make sure it was the same man. Which way did the Eskimo boats head when they were through at the *Assiniboine*?"

This last question was addressed to Captain Breasted, who had watched the departure of the raiders from the burning grain ship through the porthole.

"They headed north," the captain replied. "They may even have stopped on one of these islands."

"We'll search in the morning," Big Jim declared. "In the meantime we'll try to get some sleep. There are some puzzling things about this whole business,

and my mind may be clear enough to make some sense out of them by morning."

The two ship's officers and the Mountie found sleeping bags in one of the lifeboats, and they curled up on the gravelly strand of the southern Sleepers. Big Jim Malloy planned to stay awake and keep some sort of guard in case the Eskimo Messiah and his killers might be loose on the rocky archipelago. But Nature's demands made light of his intentions, and he was asleep almost as quickly as the two exhausted sailors.

It was mid-morning before the three men awoke. The crew members had already left the boats, and were foraging for driftwood to build a fire. Others were helping the cook with the breakfast. Some of the more adventurous ones were exploring the rocky islet which had been their refuge.

When the meal had been prepared and the ship's crew and the police sergeant had eaten, there was a council of war. In spite of the fiery ordeal of the previous day, the sailors were still willing to take another crack at the icy waters of Hudson Bay in an attempt to get a grain ship to Europe.

"Boats are valuable," Captain Breasted said. "I'm in favor of heading south toward where we left the *Assiniboine*. Maybe we can salvage it, now that the fire has died down. Everybody with me?"

There was a chorus of approval, and the captain smiled. Then he turned to Malloy and asked:

"What do you think of the idea, Sergeant?"

"A good one," Big Jim replied. "But if I were you, I'd head for Belcher Islands, and send out a

radio message for the ice-breaker. Have them come down from Mansel Island to take the *Assiniboine* in tow, if it's still afloat. You'll pass the position of the derelict en route to Belcher Islands, and you'll know just what shape she's in."

"A sensible suggestion," the captain admitted with a sparkle of laughter in his eyes. "But it sounds as though you're looking for an easy way back to the islands."

"Not at all," Big Jim replied. "I'm heading northward. I've got to round up those murdering Eskimos before the Canadian law comes north to try the three killers we've already rounded up."

Big Jim Malloy watched while the seamen loaded the two lifeboats. They put ashore the sergeant's kayak, and he assembled a skeleton pack. Wild life would be stirring over the Bay and on the coasts abutting it, and Big Jim would be able to carve a wholesome existence from the larder of nature.

The Mountie waved to the boats as, rigged with jury sails, they pulled out beyond the shallower water, and disappeared over the horizon. Then he pulled his kayak up out of the water where it would not be carried away by the surf, and began a search of the island to discover whether the native killers had come this way.

He moved along through the brisk morning air, and his piercing eyes darted right and left over the bleak and rocky surface of the island. Here and there he saw spots of white where snow had settled in the low places, and where the warming shafts of sunlight had struck this slushy covering, there were

pools of water and mud that would freeze with nightfall.

The sergeant followed over most of the area of the island before he finally decided that his quest here was fruitless. He was heading back toward the cove where the kayak was stashed when suddenly he paused, went down on one knee, and looked sharply at a boot-heel in a soft place in the gravel.

"By George," Malloy half shouted. "If I hang on to this trail much longer, I'm going to be as crazy as Charley Ouyerack. I'll be believing that some spook is hanging over me, and I'll be hanged if I can tell whether it's god or devil."

The boot-heel that had caught the sergeant's interest was an exact duplicate of the one he had lifted with the resin and plaster at the camp on the Nastapoke River. There was no mistaking it. Sergeant Malloy did not have the necessary equipment for taking a cast of this new print, but at least it told him that he was still on the trail of the killers. He tried to impress indelibly upon his mind the picture of the trade mark on the boot-heel-print.

It was a curious cross, with half filled in center, and there were two words visible. The one on top of the cross spelled "BAYER." The one below the cross read "GUMMI."

"Sounds like an advertisement for aspirin," Big Jim laughed. "And it's sure giving me a headache. But I'll probably know nothing more about it than I do now until I can check with Larry Duncan back in Ottawa."

Malloy searched for other evidence of the boot-

marks, and found several of them here and there.

"Looks like the bloody killers had the run of the camp while we were asleep," he declared. "It's a wonder they didn't slit all our throats."

Big Jim Malloy checked on other bits of evidence that had come to his attention. Then he picked up the kayak, slung it over his shoulder, and headed northward along the shore of the island. He was searching for the point where the Eskimo boats had been beached. There would be keel-marks there, and he might be able to catch a glimpse of the boats themselves.

The sergeant took a pair of field glasses from the case he had slung over his shoulder, and scanned the horizon ahead of him. For some moments he could spot nothing. Then suddenly he saw a number of blocky shapes just at the edge of the mist-covered, ice-cake filled sea.

He adjusted the focus on the glasses, convinced that he had located the two whaleboats carrying the arsonists responsible for the burning of the *Assiniboine* and the murder of the two sailors. But as he fined down the lenses, he whistled. His breath escaped his pursed lips in a trill.

There were not two whaleboats but three! And between two of the larger craft, three kayaks moved along briskly like skating bugs on the surface of a pond.

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## Chapter 13

While Big Jim Malloy drew close in pursuit of the Eskimo killers roaming Hudson Bay, things were coming to a head both on the edge of civilization at Moose Factory, and in the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Ottawa.

At the Hudson's Bay Post on the mouth of the Moose River, Constable Dexter was finding the monotony of the late Spring broken by the need for looking after his three prisoners.

Dexter had been in the North for many years, but he did not know whether his ideas of diet would be altogether satisfactory to a bunch of Eskimos. And he knew enough about the psychology of the Eskimo male to realize that asking them to help with the cooking would almost surely result in a new outbreak of murders.

"Why don't you let Mina cook for the men?" the factor suggested. "That will solve your problem without any doubt."

"You've hit it," agreed the constable.

Mina was more than willing. In fact it was evi-

dent that she had been at her wit's ends with nothing to do. She cooked for the men and herself, and spent most of the day near a tent which had been erected in the yard of the Royal Mounted detachment buildings. Peter Quarack and Adlaykok worked around the grounds and were scarcely conscious of the gloomy future ahead of them.

Another difficulty arose from the fact that none of the trio could understand English. The sign language which is a universal mode of expression among native peoples finally bridged the gap; and the three Eskimos learned what was expected of them rather quickly. In their spare time, the Kittok-tangmiut prisoners read the Bible and sang.

Back in Ottawa, Bob Sedgewick was as busy as the proverbial hen on the hot griddle. As soon as Inspector Martin, Corporal Kerr and Roy St. John returned, he buttonholed them, and the Inspector swiftly filled in all the details of the police trip.

"What happened to Jim Malloy?" Sedgewick asked.

"He's tracking down the other three killers," Martin told him. "That'll be duck soup for him."

"Is he going to keep in touch with Ottawa?" The newspaperman's eyes were bright and interested.

"I suppose so," agreed Martin. "We'll be getting regular reports from Moose Factory and Belcher. Even if Malloy is way up at the north end of the Bay, he'll find plenty of Eskimos and white traders heading south for their supplies as soon as there is open water. They'll bring in any messages he needs to send."

"What are they going to do about the trial?" Sedgewick inquired.

"We're thinking of holding it right on Belcher Islands," Inspector Martin declared soberly. "There's never been a murder trial up there. Never been a trial of any kind, as far as I can make out, except the annual hearings on minor offenses that Doctor Orford holds when he goes around to visit the natives."

"Sounds like a swell idea," Sedgewick replied. "The simple people go in for pomp and form in a big way. They figure it shows that the people who rule them are justly entitled to their dignity. The Department of Justice is doing a wise thing."

"I hope you're right," Martin replied.

Sedgewick and the Inspector discussed other angles of the case for a while, then the Inspector said:

"Let's go over to the Signals Office, and see if anything new has been heard there."

Sergeant Wiggins, the gray-haired operator, looked up at the Inspector and greeted him briskly. He nodded toward Sedgewick and the Inspector asked:

"Anything stirring on Belcher?"

"Boy, this Hudson Bay case is developing more facets than the Hope diamond."

The sergeant took down a sheaf of blanks with the familiar large-sized typing on them, and leafed through them. Inspector Martin was already familiar with the text of most of the messages, but until now, Bob Sedgewick hadn't seen them.

"Riddell wirelessed down that Anawak came in to the post on May 7th with Keytowieack's body. I guess that gives us the *corpus delicti* for the Adlay-kok fellow. The remains of Sara Apawkok were discovered buried deep in the snow of her collapsed igloo."

"So that accounts for them all," Sedgewick replied, making rapid notes as he read the messages.

"But that's not all by a long shot," Sergeant Wiggins told them. "Here's a bit from Moose Factory. That Eskimo squaw, or whatever they call them in that gargling language of theirs, has blown her top. She's been raving around like a loony, and they finally had to send her down to Toronto."

"I'd say she'd already blown her top at just about the time these killings started," Bob Sedgewick declared soberly. "But what's new from Jim Malloy?"

"Riddell says he left to follow some Eskimo named Sala. Expects him to lead him to Ouyerack and the others. May be out on a wild goose chase for all we know. Boy, I wouldn't like the job of combing that district up there. You'd have to be able to follow a Canada goose by the trail of its feathers."

Sedgewick laughed, then said:

"That's not so hard. Dewey Soper followed the Canada geese right up to their breeding grounds, after other naturalists had tried and failed for fifty years. It's all a matter of knowing how to do it."

Wiggins waved his hand for silence. A crackle parked the board in front of the two Mounties

and the newspaperman. The sergeant adjusted his headset, turned dials here and there, and stepped up his power. The carrier beam was loud in the speaker above them. The soundproofed room picked up every nuance of vibration that came across the ether.

The signals man began writing rapidly with a sharp-pointed pencil. There was a pause, and he said crisply:

“From Belcher Islands—hold on, men, this sounds like something!”

The sergeant’s pencil ran over the lined paper before him. He eased the earphones on his head into a more comfortable position, then continued his writing. When he was finished he held out the sheet to the Inspector. It read:

*Royal Canadian Mounted Police,  
Ottawa, Ontario*

*H. M. S. grain carrier Assiniboine boarded and set fire by a band of Eskimos approximately fifty miles northwest of Flaherty Island. Two members of crew shot and killed. Captain requests transportation by Government ice-breaker to Churchill. Sergeant James Malloy ‘G’ Division investigating. Advise.*

*Breasted, Captain*

Sergeant Wiggins was already busily engaged at his instrument, trying to raise the government ice-breaker at Mansel Island. When his call was received there, he checked through another message to the land telegraph station at Churchill, Manitoba for the heavy breaker that was docked there. His

return call to Belcher told the captain of the *Assiniboine* what had been done.

"Now you know what Big Jim is doing," Inspector Martin said, as he and the newspaperman returned to the Inspector's office.

"But *where* is he doing it?" Sedgewick inquired.

The Inspector pointed to a huge map of the Dominion of Canada and said:

"Knowing Jim as you and I do, it's liable to be anywhere from Battle Harbor, Labrador, to Fort Yukon on the Alaskan border. But since Jim is tied down to snowshoes or a kayak, he's probably still roaming around near the eastern rim of Hudson Bay." The Inspector made a few calculations, then said: "I'd put him up around Kingwa, somewhere between Mosquito Bay and Kettle Stone Point."

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## Chapter 14

Inspector Martin had not been far wrong in his estimate of Big Jim Malloy's progress. After leaving the Sleepers on the trail of the Eskimos in the whaleboats and the kayaks, the burly sergeant followed his quarry over the ice-filled waters of eastern Hudson Bay to Cape Dufferin and Portland Promontory.

From there the fleeing natives had hugged the shoreline between Reef Point and Ottawa Island until they found shelter from a driving hail storm and sleet shower in the delta of the Povungnituk River.

Sergeant Malloy had made no attempt to close in on his quarry while they were on the water, because he knew that even though they outnumbered him twenty to one, his chances of surprising them on land would be much greater. If he approached them while they were still on the bay, a rifleman might easily pick him off. On land, with the darkness to help him, he could close in upon the camp and perhaps turn the tables on them. This time he would

benefit by what he had learned during the fray at the Nastapoke River.

The fleeing Eskimos did not stop at Kingwa, however. There was a settlement there, and thus far they had been steering clear of settlements. Instead they put in on Smith Island.

Sergeant Malloy went ashore about five miles from the Eskimo encampment. He hid his kayak so that it would not be spotted by a stray seal-hunter on the Bay, nor by a roaming Eskimo on shore. Then he waited for nightfall and when the star-filled night shielded his movements, he headed back toward the landing place of the whaleboats and the kayaks.

"This has got to be it," Sergeant Malloy told himself. "If they go much further north they'll be able to head out for Fox Land and the Arctic Islands, or they can head east toward Ungava Bay, or they can cross to Southampton Island and Keewatin, and we'll never find them."

The whispering of his seal-skin *kumiks* as they moved over the rocks was the only sound that might betray his passing, and it would take keen ears to hear it. The sergeant was almost an hour and a half covering the first four miles of his journey.

As he approached the delta of the Povungnituk, he dropped his belly to the ground, pulled off his cap, and his keen ear brushed the rocky terrain beneath him. He listened for the chatter of the Eskimos, for the crackle of the wood in their fire, or the creaking of the boats rolling on the beach.

None of these sounds came to him. He was be-

ginning to wonder whether he had borne too far inland, when his sharp eyes, aided by the star-shine, spotted a moundlike object below him. It was a sprawling Eskimo tent, made of skins, and covered with whitened canvas. Large stones held down the corners in lieu of stake pins. There was an opening on the side facing the water, and from it floated wisps of smoke and the odor of oily flame.

Turned up on the beach were three kayaks, but there was no sign of the whaleboats.

Big Jim Malloy slithered down the last twenty yards of his trail and crouched close to the native dwelling. His eyes studied all of the possible covers where a rifleman might take refuge to fire on the camp on the river strand. There was neither sight nor sign of anyone.

The sergeant climbed painfully to his feet. He hesitated for a few moments to get his bearings. Then he wondered whether he wasn't walking into a cleverly set trap. There was only one way to find out. The sergeant had come too far to turn back now. He slipped his pistol out of its holster, unhooked the lanyard, and checked the loads. With another glance about him, he bent forward, thrust his fur-capped hat into the Eskimo tent, and jabbed his gun ahead of him.

"Police!" he called out sharply. "Here on the King's business."

The quartet inside the hut froze like statues of snow. Big Jim Malloy did not know exactly what he had expected to find, but it certainly had not been this.

There were four Eskimos in the skin shelter. Three of them were men and one was a woman. The woman was clad only in a pair of bird-skin trousers and sealskin moccasins. One of the men was slicing seal-meat, while another was carving at a soapstone lamp.

In solitary grandeur, the third male member of the party was seated crosslegged upon a pile of skins.

"Kittoktangmiut?" Sergeant Malloy asked with a rising inflection in his voice.

"Right," replied one Eskimo briefly. It was Peter Sala.

"You know why I am here," the sergeant announced. "And are these others the ones I am looking for?"

Peter Sala looked at the trio of Eskimos about him, and after a nod of the head from Charley Ouyerack, he said:

"These are the others." He pointed to the Messiah in Mucklucks and announced: "This is Charley Ouyerack, leader of the Kittoktangmiuts. My brave hunting friend is Alec Apawkok. And this is Akeevik. Is she not a pretty widow?"

There was a strange smile about the corners of Peter Sala's mouth. Akeevik was definitely conscious of her particular type of Eskimo beauty, and it was obvious that she enjoyed the attention of three male members of her tribe. Now that a white man, and one of the famous redcoats was here to behold her, she exhibited new coquetry. She had been smoothing her hair with a handful of seal blubber. Now she

daubed it heavily upon other portions of her bare flesh.

Big Jim Malloy switched to the Kittoktangmiut dialect and said:

"I am Sergeant Jim Malloy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I have come to arrest you four for the murders on Belcher Islands. You will return to the islands with me. Anything you may say can be used against you."

Peter Sala nodded his small head. His oiled, black hair was streaked with yellow in the flickering light from the oil lamp.

"We will go back," the Eskimo said. "But it is a long trail, and a lonely one. Perhaps Akeevik can make your hours much more pleasant. She will take care of your every want."

Sergeant Jim Malloy chuckled. He was entirely familiar with the Eskimo customs, and had heard this particular one discussed many hundreds of times by the traders and trappers. But the generous proposal fell upon deaf ears. Big Jim was no squaw-man.

"I am not looking for pleasure," he said bluntly, "I'm looking for information. When you put in here with your friends this afternoon, there were three other boats and many Eskimos with you. What has become of them?"

Peter Sala shrugged his shoulders. Charley Ouyerack's almond-shaped eyes lifted blankly to the opening in the ceiling. No one spoke.

Sergeant Malloy cocked his pistol and its muzzle moved slowly from Sala to Ouyerack, then he said:

"It is one thing to kill your Inuit brethren in a religious passion, but it's something else again to murder English sailors in cold blood."

Charley Ouyerack looked at Big Jim and then said:

"We know nothing about any English sailors. The Kittoktangmiuts who died on Belcher Islands were unbelievers. It has always been the fate of a Messiah to be persecuted by those in power. But I am ready to bear my cross."

The gravity of the Eskimo's words gave Big Jim pause for several moments. Then he said:

"Do you mean to tell me that you came here alone, just the four of you?"

"I did not say that," Charley Ouyerack replied. "There were other Eskimos with us. They were members of John's band. They came out of the West, and they have gone back into the West!"

Big Jim Malloy understood one part of the mystery that surrounded the disappearance of the other Eskimos, but now that the trail had been divided, he would have to decide what to do next. Should he follow the arsonists who had burned the *Assiniboine*, or should he return to Belcher with his four prisoners?

"Who is this John?" Big Jim Maloy asked slowly. "Is he an Eskimo?"

"Indeed, he is an Eskimo," Peter Sala declared. "A great, bearded fellow. His men are very mighty. We have the smoke-sticks that will throw fire and lead to the point out there. But John's men can shoot far out upon the water."

Big Jim could well believe that. He had already experienced the bite of one of the high-powered rifles carried by John's men.

The police sergeant did not try to gather any further information from his prisoners. He knew that they were still suspicious of his questions. Perhaps on the way back he could gain their confidence, and then there would be more chance of piecing together the Eskimo's version of the murder trail.

One question did prey upon his mind, however, and he asked it of Charley Ouyerack, as he returned his pistol to its holster.

"Do you really believe in this Messiah business?"

"Why not?" Charley Ouyerack replied with a question of his own.

"If you were really the Messiah," Big Jim pointed out, "you would have known of my coming, and you would have slipped through my fingers."

"Jesus did not flee when they came to get him in the Garden," Charley Ouyerack declared, "nor did he flinch when he stood before Pilate and was condemned to death."

The answer was hardly one that the police sergeant had expected from an unlettered Eskimo on the fringes of Pavungnituk Bay. It sounded more like a learned pundit in a market-place in India or the Near East.

"Someone is coaching you in this," Big Jim declared emphatically. "Someone has put this belief into your mind and these words upon your tongue."

Charley Ouyerack nodded. He again looked up at the ceiling, and said:

"On your advice, John, my friends and I are surrendering to the redcoat. We will go back to stand before the men in the black robes!"

Suddenly there was a booming sound that filled the entire skin tent. Big Jim's hand darted to his waist. His pistol whipped up. Then he stood glued to the floor. Spectral words came to him.

"You have done right, Charley Ouyerack. I will be with you when you appear before the men in the black robes. No harm shall come to you. If the white man's judges deal harshly with you, I shall come with my men and snatch you from the red-coats. It is spoken!"

Even while the words still rang eerily in his ears, Big Jim Malloy could not believe that he had actually heard them. He ducked out of the tent and ran clear around it. There was no one there. Indeed there was no way that anyone could have climbed upon the skin dome without crashing through upon the shelter's occupants.

The ground sloping down to the river and toward the bay was barren, unproductive, dotted only by small shadows of jutting rocks. The only sounds that came to the sergeant's keen ears were the lapping wavelets on the pebbly beach.

He returned to the shelter, too amazed to notice the resigned expressions on the faces of the four Eskimos. Now he could understand how a simple Eskimo like Charley Ouyerack might have been impressed by the strange voices that came out of the very air. He had often heard the Eskimos along Coppermine River and Coronation Gulf talk

of the ice gods that whispered in the dead of winter. He was familiar with the Indian legends of the gods of Nahanni, and how they refused permission to the Indians west of the Mackenzie to enter their ghostly domain.

But never had he actually heard the words of a native spirit, addressing its followers in native dialect, filling the shelter with a brooding awful menace.

Even while he worried about the situation, Big Jim Malloy was grateful for it. It was nearly three hundred miles from Pavungnituk Bay and Reef Point to the Hudson's Bay Post at Belcher Island. With more open water and a more direct route, it would still take the party more than a week to get there.

Ordinarily in a case of this kind, Big Jim Malloy would not have given a native his parole, and it would be a physical impossibility for him to watch four people for twenty-four hours a day. But now that the mysterious John had spoken, Big Jim believed that the natives would come along docilely, even willingly.

He decided to get a good night's sleep in his feather-lined bag outside the skin shelter. Then the party would be on its way in the morning.

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## Chapter 15

Down in lower Ontario, the wheels of the law were grinding along inexorably in preparation for the murder trials at Belcher Islands. The Department of Justice decided that Mr. Justice C. P. Plaxton of Toronto, a member of the Ontario Supreme Court would preside at the trial.

Acting Corporal J. R. McFarland of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa was detailed to escort the prisoners from Moose Factory to Belcher Islands, and was to act as the court reporter during the judicial proceedings.

The case had aroused widespread attention in all parts of the Dominion. Bob Sedgewick, with the inside track, was sure that he was in the middle of a story that would turn out to be a seven days' wonder once all the facts had been brought to light.

He was at the railroad station in Ottawa when Corporal McFarland started on his long journey to the islands in the lower end of Hudson Bay.

"Where do you go from here?" Sedgewick asked him.

"I've got to hop down to Toronto and pick up Mina Sala," he replied. "They've decided that her condition isn't too serious, and maybe a return to her own environment will help to restore her reason."

Bob Sedgewick chuckled, then said:

"You'd better be careful with these Eskimo Salomes. She's liable to captivate you, and then you'll be chasing her out on the ice the way those other poor fools did."

"I might let her chase me out there at that," the corporal replied. "But I'll be hanged if I'll let her persuade me to abandon my pants, especially if it happened to be in the middle of winter. Don't worry—I'll have a matron with me to give me a hand if our friend Mina gets any ideas."

After Bob Sedgewick saw Corporal McFarland off, his next destination was Rockcliffe Barracks. Keeping in touch with developments, he knew that the *Norseman* would again be employed to carry up a part of the judicial party, and he might be able to add something to his data on the Hudson Bay murders at the airport adjacent to the R.C.M.P. post.

Pilot St. John was not available for this second trip to the North, and Bob Sedgewick turned his steps, not in the direction of the police barracks, but toward the Royal Canadian Air Force detachment station near the post. He spoke to one of the squadron-leaders there, and asked:

"Who's going up North with the *Norseman*?"

"That would be Flight-lieutenant Miscambell,"

the squadron-leader replied. "Swell chap. You'll like him."

Bob Sedgewick nodded and sighed. The leader's comment only made his inability to go along that much more annoying. Nevertheless he smiled and said:

"I'm not going, old fellow. I'm covering this case by remote control. I'd like to talk to the flight-lieutenant if I may."

"No reason why not," the squadron-leader replied. "I fancy you've learned when to keep mum and when to let your typewriter talk in this war business of ours."

"I sure have," Bob replied.

Flight-lieutenant G. V. Miscampbell was a brisk and able officer, typical of the RCAF group of officers. Bob Sedgewick remembered the time, not so long ago, when there had been only 4,000 men in the whole Royal Canadian Air Force. Now there were more than 100,000 trained pilots, gunners, observers and groundsmen, with others being added all the time.

Bob Sedgewick explained his interest in the case, and then asked:

"When do you expect to get off?"

"Whenever Sergeant Kearney gives the order," the flight-lieutenant replied. "I understand he's going to be in charge."

Sedgewick already knew that Inspector Martin had planned on conducting his annual inspection of some of the Force's eastern Arctic Detachments. Inspector Martin had already informed the news

correspondents of the plan to appoint Sergeant H. Kearney of 'G' Division headquarters as Clerk of the Court and Registrar. This detail would demand his presence at the trial, of course.

After taking leave of the flight-lieutenant, Bob drifted over to the storehouse at the Rockcliffe barracks. There he looked over the marquee in which the court was to sit. One of the caretakers was checking inventory there, and watching Sedgewick, he said:

"The blooming things reminds you of the canopy they stuck King John under when they handed him the goose feather to sign the Magna Carta."

"Couldn't be," Bob Sedgewick replied soberly. "That was back in 1215, and one of these things would never last for seven hundred years. Moths, you know."

A puzzled expression crossed the face of the cockney, and he said:

"Gorblimey, sir. Would you be pulling my leg?"

American and Englishman laughed heartily, and then Bob Sedgewick went on his way. Back in his hotel room, Bob Sedgewick picked away on his typewriter, jotting down the names of the new members of the cast in the absorbing drama that was moving into its closing stages in the Canadian Northland.

The Canadian Press ticker announced the appointment of R. A. Olmstead as crown counsel, and of J. P. Madden as defense counsel. Both of these attorneys came from Ottawa, and Bob Sedgewick had seen them in court on numerous occasions.

With the judge, the two lawyers would go to Moosee by train.

Early the next morning, Bob Sedgewick was again on his way to Rockcliffe, this time to watch the departure of the *Norseman*. Inspector Martin, himself, had phoned Bob's hotel the night before, and informed him of his plans to go up to Belcher.

Flight-lieutenant Miscampbell was ready at the plane. He was in full flying kit; and the warm sun of early summer which bathed the field was vastly different from the snow and sleet that had seen Roy St. John and the earlier party on their way.

Bob Sedgewick shook hands with each one of the officers as he climbed into the plane, and when Inspector Martin took his place, he said:

"Inspector, give my best to Big Jim. Tell him I'll be waiting to hear from him."

"It's a little out of order," the inspector said with a quizzical smile, "but I'll do it."

Moments later the flight-lieutenant had the plane in the air, and was gunning it in the direction of Moose Factory. He laid a beeline course northwestward until he crossed the Canadian National Railways beyond Grand Lake Victoria. Then he picked up the Harricanaw River and followed it toward the provincial border.

Doctor Orford was waiting for them when the ship arrived at Moose Factory. He greeted them cheerfully, and Inspector Martin asked him for news of Big Jim Malloy.

Doctor Orford smiled, showing firm white teeth. Then he said:

"You'd think he was your son."

Inspector Martin bristled. Then he said stiffly:

"I consider all the men in 'G' Division my sons, whether they're new rookies replacing the men who've gone overseas or old-timers I'd known for years."

"Okay, Inspector," the doctor replied. "Hold on to your chewing tobacco. Big Jim Malloy is all right. He was spotted by a bunch of traders from Fisher Strait. He was coming down the coast near Cape Dufferin and Portland Promontory, and damned if he didn't have those four Eskimos with him. Talk about your needle in a haystack. I'd say picking up those Eskimos between Belcher and the North Pole was like trying to get hold of a hailstone in a blizzard."

"I'll make a note of that," Inspector Martin replied dryly. "Get him to tell you how he trails white whales through Hudson Bay, sometime. He's got a formula for that, too."

The *Norseman* was tied down for the overnight stop at Moose Factory. Flight-lieutenant Miscampbell checked the oil, fuel and other necessities on his ship, and had the craft ready for a brisk departure in the morning.

When the doctor and the Inspector had finished their brief chat, a natty young man in a red coat, black pants with gleaming gold stripe, and campaign hat tilted just to the proper angle approached the Inspector and saluted smartly.

"Good morning, Constable Dexter," the Inspector greeted. "How's everything?"

"Just fine, sir. The prisoners are in good shape, and anxious to get back North for the bird hunting and the cranberry picking."

"Humph," growled Inspector Martin. "They seem to be the only ones who aren't taking this business seriously, and it's their necks that are at stake. But I guess that's an Eskimo for you."

"Yes, sir," replied the constable. "Am I to go North, sir?"

Inspector Martin looked at the officer for a few moments, then said:

"Not this time, Dexter. You're too valuable right here. Corporal McFarland will be through here in the next day or two with Mina Sala. You'll turn your prisoners over to him."

"Very good, sir."

Doctor Orford had a good meal ready for the police party, and after they had eaten, they turned in. The next morning, with the doctor added to its list of passengers, the *Norseman* nosed into the summer zephyrs blowing down James Bay from Akimiski Island.

While the preparations for the trial were going forward, Big Jim Malloy and his quartette of prisoners made their tortuous way down the east coast of Hudson's Bay. The four kayaks made a trim flotilla during the daylight hours, and each evening the Eskimos set up their hide tent.

For the first few days, the journey progressed without incident. Then Peter Sala spotted a group of white whales sporting in the shallow waters of the bay inside King George Islands.

Sala turned to Big Jim and said:

"Mighty hunters should not come back to their people emptyhanded. The Kittoktangmiuts will expect to see killer like Sala and Ouyerack with many hides and much blubber."

The dull monotony of the journey down along the bleak coastline was wearing on the police sergeant as much as on the Eskimo. He was carrying the Eskimos' weapons in the kayak he paddled.

"A whale hunt should prove interesting," Big Jim replied.

They made shore in a shallow cove. Big Jim unlaced the covering over the forward part of his skin kayak and handed out the spears. Peter Sala, Charley Ouyerack and Alec Apawkok accepted the weapons stolidly. With Charley Ouyerack in the lead, the three hunters' kayaks sped out into the water.

They would circle the small school of white whales and attempt to drive them into shallow water where the stranded porpoises would be easy prey for them.

Big Jim Malloy and Akeevik balanced their tricky native boats carefully as they watched the Eskimo hunters. Suddenly one of the porpoises broke water just below Charley Ouyerack's boat. Its whipping tail sliced through the stretched hide of the kayak as though it were so much cheese.

The kayak folded up like a pricked balloon, and Charley Ouyerack pitched into the icy waters of Hudson's Bay. His mouth opened in an ear-splitting yell. He was no Messiah now. Only a surprised and

frightened native hunter. Peter and Alec were about a hundred yards away, now, circling the white whales, and they had no inkling of what was going on behind them.

Akeevik let out a squeak of dismay, but if the other two heard it at all, they probably considered it a squeal of delight at the sport they had encountered.

Big Jim didn't lose a second sliding into action. He had spent many hours in the tricky Eskimo boats; and now he headed with expert strokes for the spot where Charley Ouyerack had capsized. His sturdy shoulders, and rapidly moving arms whipped the paddle from side to side, and seconds after Charley Ouyerack had gone under the water, the sergeant was alongside the half-filled, whale-torn kayak, hooking onto it with steel-like fingers.

Laced into his little cockpit in the two-place kayak, Charley was in danger of sinking with the craft. Big Jim balanced the damaged kayak against his own, and ordered crisply:

"Kick your feet through the bottom, Charley."

Ouyerack did as he was told, and this action, while it filled the kayak much more rapidly, also got Charley out of the cramped position he had been in, and allowed him to get his head above water again.

Only sheer force would remedy the situation now, but Big Jim Malloy's big muscles were equal to the work they undertook and while there were times when it looked as though the weight of the half-drowned Eskimo hunter and his waterlogged

kayak would carry both men to destruction, Charley finally set his feet on the bottom and breathed a sigh of relief.

Back on shore again, Big Jim and Charley Ouyerack could look down the gravelly beach to the point where Peter Sala and Alec Apawkok had chased three of the white whales into the shallow water. It was impossible to determine whether Charley Ouyerack's danger had been noticed at all.

Big Jim helped the drenched Eskimo ashore, and pulled the wrecked kayak high and dry. Akeevik would go to work on this and under her skilled fingers it would be as good as new by the time they were ready to continue their journey.

At the moment, the young widow was interested only in fending off the cold or rheumatics that might attack Charley after his plunge. She was peeling his slick seal-skin *kumiks* from his sturdy little legs, and unrolling the bird-skin trousers from his muscular thighs.

Big Jim saw that Charley Ouyerack was in good hands, and picked up Charley's spear to go to the aid of the other Eskimos.

The three white whales were finished off without difficulty, and the two hunters carved up the choice morsels of flesh and blubber. They loaded it swiftly and efficiently into a bag made of gut and intestine. This would serve both as chewing material and as oil for the lamps of the Kittoktangmiuts.

When Big Jim Malloy had gone to rescue Charley Ouyerack and had come to help them with the whales, he had put the relationship between

them on a basis of comradeship and respect. This sort of behavior, more than anything else, convinced Big Jim Malloy that the native simplicity of the Eskimos was being used by some unscrupulous individual. Their very childlikeness had betrayed them, but there was no real evil in them.

When the hunting party returned to the camp that Akeevik had thrown together after the accident, Charley Ouyerack was bundled up in a walrus hide, and his damp clothing was spread out on a rock to dry.

The Eskimos sat down to a meal that the young widow had prepared, and Big Jim studied them with some interest. The incident of the white whales and the kayaks might have been of small importance to the average hunter, but to Big Jim it was a lever he hoped to use successfully.

When the meal was concluded and the Eskimos leaned back with their carved stone pipes and Big Jim Malloy caught his own briar between his teeth, he turned to Charley Ouyerack and asked:

“Are you still convinced that you are the Messiah, Charley?”

Peter Sala and Alec Apawkok turned toward the Mountie with some interest.

“Why not?” Charley asked simply.

“One of your miracles was the walking on water,” Big Jim pointed out. “But today when the kayak was wrecked and the water rushed in, you went under, and would have drowned if I had not helped you.”

With this challenge flung into the midst of the

Eskimo Messiah and his apostles, Big Jim puffed on his pipe, and looked up toward the smoke-hole in the ceiling of the hide shelter.

A moaning went up from the Eskimos then, and when Big Jim turned back to the scene, he saw that all four of them were bent forward, and uttering recriminations in their sing-song dialect. Finally Alec Apawkok voiced the feelings of the quartette when he said:

“Then Charley Ouyerack is not god. He cannot walk upon the water. I have beaten my sister needlessly. I am ashamed.”

But Akeevik’s moaning reached a rising crescendo and ended in a wailing scream, and finally she pulled her hair down about her face, and beat at her breasts. Big Jim Malloy sensed the childish terror of the woman, and he said:

“Knowing that we have made a mistake is the first thing. Correcting the mistake is more important. You know now that your mysterious John has tricked you for reasons of his own. I have been your friend. I want to be a friend to all the Eskimos and all the Indians. When John harms my Eskimo friends, he harms me.”

Peter Sala was the first one to find his tongue after this speech by the Mountie sergeant.

“If Big Jim will find John, the Eskimo will punish him. But John has many men with him. How can the one redcoat, even so great and powerful a man as Sergeant Jim, hope to capture him?”

“John has the Eskimos with him only because he has made them believe the same kind of story that

he made you believe. If I have a chance to talk to these other Inuits as I have spoken to you, perhaps John will be left alone. The Eskimos do not want to kill their brethren. They want to live in peace, so the redcoats will not have to bother them. Is that not so?"

"It is true," Peter Sala declared.

"You have traveled with John and these other Eskimos for many days, perhaps you can tell me what tribe they are from."

A puzzled look came over Peter Sala's face. Charley Ouyerack, Alec Apawkok and Akeevik mirrored the empty expression on Sala's countenance. Then Peter said:

"These Eskimos were strangers to us. They talk a dialect unlike our own, and I have never seen others like them at the trading stations."

Big Jim believed him. It was not much help. From that moment on, the conversation slackened. Charley Ouyerack, now that the shock of his near drowning had subsided and he was back in his own clothes, regained some of his earlier dignity and defiance. Apparently when a man had assumed the mantle of divinity he did not wish to cast it aside so quickly.

Big Jim Malloy was enough of a psychologist to understand this, and realizing that he had already found a chink in Charley's armor, and had sown the seeds of doubt in the minds of the other Eskimos, he did not try to press his advantage. Instead he suggested that they get some sleep to be in shape to resume their journey in the morning.

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## Chapter 16

Big Jim Malloy and his party reached the camp at Nastapoke River the next afternoon, and the Mountie sergeant found his cached pack intact. He looked over the equipment carefully, and unwrapped the bootprint mould he had picked up from the snow. As he laid this out on the ground before him, Peter Sala looked over his shoulder and curiosity was evident on his usually placid face.

"What have you there?" the Eskimo inquired with evident interest.

Big Jim looked up. Peter Sala was the only one near him, and Big Jim had long since decided that of the four Eskimos he was the most intelligent, and his decisions might well sway the minds of the others. Charley and the rest were moving along the banks of the river spearing fish for the evening meal. Sergeant Malloy hoped that a shot in the dark would gain him quick results.

"This is the foot of your friend John!" Big Jim said emphatically.

"John?" Peter Sala asked slowly. "But the last

time John was here, there was snow on the ground. It has long since melted. How can you be sure that this is his foot?"

Sergeant Malloy believed that a single demonstration would serve better than a thousand words, so he said:

"You are wearing the trade boots you bought from Mr. Riddell at Belcher last year. There is a pattern on the bottom. Walk over there on the water at the edge of the river."

Peter's eyes popped open. He looked at the sergeant incredulously and then said:

"Do you mean that if my footprints are under water, you can still pick them up?"

"Exactly," Big Jim declared.

Sala was skeptical, but nevertheless he walked to the edge of the water and out into the water for a few feet. He stood there for a while, then came back and looked at Sergeant Malloy.

"We will leave it there until after we have eaten," Big Jim declared. "Call the others."

Suspense could be a powerful weapon in the hands of the police officer, and he wanted to use it to the full. He knew that when Peter Sala went to speak to the other Eskimos he would also tell them of the experiment that was about to be made. The chatter around the driftwood fire was on this subject, and the usually slow-eating natives bolted their food so they would not miss the demonstration.

Big Jim Malloy gathered his equipment together and led the curiosity-spurred procession down to the edge of the water. He set down his apparatus, then

motioned for the Eskimos to stand back, and he went to work.

First he scooped up some of the mud from the bottom of the river and built a clay wall around the print Peter Sala had made. When this was completed to his satisfaction, and reinforced by bits of shale and gravel, the sergeant took his syringe and carefully drew the water from the surface of the print, and dumped it into the river beyond the wall. He was careful not to disturb the sediment which formed the print's detail.

When there was merely a thin layer of water over the print, Big Jim went ahead with the plaster-mix, knowing that the plaster, being heavier, would sink to the bottom of the print. His plaster-mix for the wet print was as thick as molasses, and in order to hasten the set, he added a spoonful of ordinary salt. It was poured into the print as soon as the correct consistency had been attained and it set in a few seconds.

The heat reached during the set was intense, and Big Jim Malloy motioned for Peter Sala to touch the plaster gently with the tip of his finger. The Eskimo drew back his hand with a quick motion, and turning to the others, he said:

"The sergeant controls the powers of the devil. He takes the powder and moulds it in his hand, but when he drops it into the water, it is hotter than the rays of the summer sun."

When the heat had reached its peak, Sergeant Malloy removed the cast and placed it upon a rock nearby to cool. Peter Sala came over and looked

down into the spot where the bootprint had been made. It was still there.

He turned to the sergeant with a curious smile and said:

"Your magic does not work. The devil has failed you. The print is still there. You have not picked it up."

Big Jim Maloy was glad to have Peter Sala sceptical, because when he did show him the cooled bootprint his wonder would be even greater.

"Perhaps you are right," the sergeant agreed. "But let us play a few games with the notched stick."

The Eskimo is an inveterate gambler, and the notched stick is one of his favorite games. His attention can usually be diverted from almost anything by a suggestion of this kind. In the game, a number of sticks are used, one of which is notched. The Eskimo who is betting stands in the center of a circle. The other Eskimos pass the sticks from hand to hand, making every effort at concealment. At a signal the sticks are held, with only the ends showing at each side of the hand. The gambler then tries to guess which one of his adversaries is holding the notched stick. If he wins, he collects the bets.

This game whiled away an hour or more, in which Charley Ouyerack, playing for the choice bits of white whale that had been denied him before his accident, won a goodly share. Big Jim began to think that, even though the Eskimo leader might not be divine, he had more than his share of omniscience.

When his plaster cast had had plenty of time to set, the sergeant said:

"Let's go and see whether I have managed to pick up the boot-track."

Before leaving the edge of the river for the notched stick game, Big Jim had kicked a hole in his clay wall, and the action of the water had completely destroyed the original footprint. Peter Sala noticed this immediately. Then the sergeant picked up the plaster cast, carried it over to the fire, and wiped it lightly with a damp cloth.

After this ritual had been completed, he handed it to Peter Sala, while the other three Eskimos huddled around. Peter looked at the cast, then at the sole of his boot in the flickering light of the flames, and finally he dropped the cast to the ground.

"It is there!" he cried. "The sergeant had picked it from the bottom of the river!"

Charley Ouyerack picked up the cast, passed it to the others. All three shook their heads and grunted their amazement just as Peter Sala had done. Then Peter said:

"If you can do this, then your magic is indeed as strong as John's, and you will surely capture him."

This admission on the part of Sala was an indication that the Eskimos had lost faith in John, and would not prevent the mounted policeman from capturing him. Indeed, Akeevik who had been tricked into murdering Sara Apawkok, invoked all the most awesome curses of the Eskimo gods upon the head of her betrayer.

Big Jim Malloy was glad that his scientific demonstration had brought conviction to the simple

minds of the Eskimos, for they would be back at Belcher Islands late the next afternoon, and the more formal processes of the law would be set into motion. Big Jim had added considerably to his funds of information on the Hudson's Bay murders during his trip from Pavungnituk Bay, and he wanted to be free to follow his own lines of investigation.

The quintet arrived at the Tuokarak Camp late the following afternoon. Relatives of the Eskimos came out to greet them, and Big Jim Malloy offered no objection when the returning Kittoktangmiuts hurried to the bosoms of their families.

Instead he was glad to be relieved of his responsibility and he immediately availed himself of the opportunity to take a swim in the cool refreshing waters of the bay. When he came out of the water some time later and dried himself with a towel made of bird feathers, it was to find Akeevik was waiting for him.

She had been keeping an eye on him, and had taken his clothes and brushed them for him. He discovered that his underclothing was missing entirely, however, and finally found it flying like a pennant from a long pole that jutted up from Akeevik's house.

The garments were returned to him toward evening. He was invited to attend an Eskimo gathering in the big igloo where Alec Epuk's denunciation of Charley Ouyerack had resulted in his murder. This time the conversation ran along quite different lines.

Big Jim Malloy had discarded his heavy mack-

inaw, and was dressed in his red coat and yellow-striped black trousers. His flexible boots were shined brightly, and his fur cap completed an ensemble that was guaranteed to impress the natives.

"Jim," Peter Sala said, "Anawak has told us that the great bird has come again to Belcher and has brought a number of redcoats."

"Have Mina and the others come back?" Sergeant Malloy inquired.

"Not yet," Peter replied. "But there are stories among the Kittoktangmiuts of many people coming to Belcher. All of the Eskimos are going southward for the occasion. Nothing like this has ever happened in the islands before."

Big Jim agreed with that, and the conversation took other turns. The story of the sergeant's rescue of Charley Ouyerack, and the picking up of the bootprint had added a great deal to his fame in the minds of the hunters, fishers and sealers.

Early next morning, while Big Jim was dressing in Akeevik's shack, Peter Sala came to the opening and called in:

"One of the redcoats has come," he announced.

"I'll talk to him," the sergeant replied.

Big Jim adjusted his gun-belt, hooked the lanyard to the ring on the butt of his pistol, and then pushed out of the hide dwelling. Across the camp, treading gingerly through the iron-shot rocks, Malloy saw the other Mountie. He advanced to meet him.

"Good morning, Kearney."

Sergeant Kearney looked at Malloy as though he were the last man he had expected to see in the Tuo-

karak Camp. Then he said:

“What are you doing here?”

Big Jim Malloy shrugged his shoulders. If Inspector Martin hadn’t told Kearney about his work, Malloy had no intention of doing so either.

“I’ve been keeping an eye on the killers,” he said.  
“Is that what you’re here for?”

“That’s it,” Kearney laughed. “Anything new to add to the case?”

“Nothing much,” Big Jim replied, “except that I think I’ve convinced Charley Ouyerack that he’s a plain, garden-variety Hudson Bay Kittoktang-miut.”

“That’s a step in the right direction,” Sergeant Kearney replied.

“Anything new on the burning of the *Assiniboine*?” Big Jim inquired.

“Not a thing,” Kearney replied. “Men from Winnipeg went north on that over the Manitoba rail line.”

“They won’t find anything there,” Sergeant Malloy declared with conviction. “That *Assiniboine* attack is tied in with these killings on Belcher Islands.”

Sergeant Kearney shrugged his shoulders. Then he said:

“Maybe you’re right, but I think we’d better get started with our prisoners. The judge and the rest of them will be at Belcher any day, and they won’t want to sit around just waiting for a bunch of Eskimos.”

The Eskimos at the Tuokarak Camp had sensed that the arrival of Sergeant Kearney meant the

departure of the prisoners. They were taking down their hide tents, and gathering up their goods and chattels. The women were loading them into the whale-boats that were the property of the band, and early in the afternoon with skin sails set, and a freshening breeze coming down from the direction of the Baker's Dozen, they set out for the Hudson's Bay Post at Belcher.

Sergeant Kearney, Sergeant Malloy and the four prisoners were in the leading boat. The other Kit-toktangmiuts followed more leisurely.

When they arrived at the landing stage below the buildings of the trading post, Inspector Martin, Doctor Orford, and Factor Riddell were there to meet them.

Almost at the same time, there was a roaring from the southward, and white men and Eskimos alike gazed upward at the form of the *Norseman* as it came down out of the fleecy clouds to a landing below the post buildings. The police group went down to greet Flight-lieutenant Miscampbell and Corporal McFarland.

The Eskimos broke into a guttural and chattering reunion with Mina Sala, Peter Quarack and Adlaykok.

Big Jim Malloy went up to the Hudson Bay House with Factor Riddell, and settled down for a well-earned rest. He was musing over the incidents that had occupied him during the last few months, and beating a tattoo on the knee of his trousers. His pipe gave him welcome solace, and finally he turned to Riddell and asked:

"Where's Bradbury?"

"Lou's gone out for the summer," Riddell replied. "He's young, and he's great company in the winter time, but he'd go crazy being here all year round."

"Who runs the radio?" the sergeant asked.

"Oh, I take a crack at it myself," Riddell told him. "I have an arrangement with the boys at Churchill and Port Harrison. They broadcast anything they have at certain hours, and I'm usually on hand to receive it. The old set will probably be worked to death with this whole crowd up here now."

"When's your next contact?" the sergeant asked.

"Nine o'clock tonight," the factor replied.

"I'll buzz in then," Malloy declared.

Then he climbed to his feet, donned his tunic and his broad-brimmed stetson, retrieved from his duffle at the post, and went out. He carried a paper-wrapped package in his hand and his feet carried him directly toward Flight-lieutenant Miscampbell.

"Hello, Lieutenant," he greeted him. "When are you pulling out again?"

"Don't know," Miscampbell replied. "It's up to the Inspector, I guess."

"What about the judges, and the attorneys? Aren't you flying them up?"

"There's only one judge, Justice Plaxton. I got the impression the others were coming up on the boat."

Sergeant Malloy nodded. He said:

"I've got something here that may mean some-

thing, and then again it may be nothing more than a wild goose chase. I wouldn't want you to make a special trip with it, but if the Inspector sends you down to Moose Factory again, you might ship this along the railroad to Ottawa."

"I'll be glad to," the Flight-lieutenant agreed.

Big Jim Malloy handed him the package containing the bootprint. The RCAF officer stowed it carefully in the cockpit of the *Norseman*.

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## Chapter 17

That night the Belcher Islands post was a scene of unusual activity. Eskimos were thronging in from all parts of the islands. Some of them came from the Koogong Islands at the western end of the group. Others arrived from as far north as King George Islands and the Sleepers. The Sandy Point band, on the mainland, which included George Luokara and Leta his wife, arrived with the Reverend Neilson and a number of the white traders and trappers from the Great Whale Factory.

Inspector Martin had been delegated as the justice of the peace to conduct the preliminary hearings on the prisoners who had not previously been arraigned. Doctor Orford, as the coroner, conducted the inquests on the bodies of Sara Apawkok and Keytowieack.

These examinations fulfilled all the requirements of the law, but the decisions had been more or less taken for granted. The seven prisoners were committed for trial.

Big Jim watched the workings of the Dominion

law, a familiar proceeding to him. Then he went into the Post headquarters, and checked his watch with Riddell's so he would not miss the radio contact. At exactly nine o'clock he was at the apparatus, and tuning in for reception. The first station he picked up was the land station at Port Harrison. The regular news bulletins were read off, giving the latest information on the operations of the Imperial troops in the various war fronts in Europe and Africa. There was news from the United States and Canada.

Then various messages came through addressed to members of the police party, and the staff of the trading post. Big Jim Malloy made notes of these, and then signed off. He switched over to the Churchill wave length, and almost immediately a thrill of excitement went through him. He had been expecting things to break suddenly, and he was prepared for some new dramatic turn of events.

The operator at the Manitoba port was sending with an insistent tone.

"Churchill calling Belcher Islands! Churchill calling Belcher Islands! Come in Belcher Islands!"

Sergeant Malloy shifted to sending, and barked crisply:

"Belcher Islands calling Churchill. Come in Churchill!"

"Who's operating Belcher?"

"Sergeant Malloy, Royal Mounted," Big Jim replied quickly.

"Glad to hear that, Malloy," came over the air waves from Manitoba. "We've just picked up an

SOS from the grain carrier *Athabasca*. She's in distress about two hundred miles west of Ottawa Islands. She gives her position as 86 degrees West Longitude, 60 degrees North Latitude."

"Any details as to what's wrong with her?" Malloy asked succinctly.

"Not a word," the operator at Churchill replied.

"I'll get up there right away," Big Jim declared. "I'll leave someone on the job here. The wavelength on the plane is 6.7 meters. You can contact me there if you want to."

"Check, Malloy," replied the Manitoba key-pounder.

Big Jim Malloy turned the set over to the waiting Riddell, shrugged into his heavy mackinaw jacket, and hurried over to find Inspector Martin.

"*Athabasca* is in trouble two hundred miles west of the Ottawa Islands. I'm heading up there in the *Norseman*."

"Go to it, Sergeant," the Inspector declared. "Take Corporal McFarland along with you if you like."

Big Jim Malloy nodded. McFarland joined him without delay. As they headed for the plane, Flight-lieutenant Miscampbell hastened up, hooking on his helmet, and swinging his goggles over his right wrist.

"No dice, Lieutenant," Sergeant Malloy replied. "This is my picnic. It's strictly police business. The *Norseman* is an old pal of mine. We'll take you on the next trip."

The lieutenant said nothing. He handed the hel-

met and goggles to the sergeant, waved his hand in amiable farewell.

"Happy landings, Sergeant. It's all yours. Keep some air under your pinions."

Big Jim Malloy warmed up the plane, let it simmer down for a while, although his spirit was starved for immediate and vigorous action. When all the cylinders were burbling properly, he kicked loose on the brakes, taxied down the open water, and zoomed up into the air.

He worked with the dials on the instrument board, then jacked in the radio set. He adjusted his wavelengths, checking on the beams assigned to the grain carriers plying the waters of Hudson's Bay.

As the plane knifed into the northwest at just under two hundred miles an hour, he adjusted the microphone over his lips, and crisped:

"CF-MPF calling *Athabasca!* CF-MPF calling *Athabasca!*"

Big Jim paused for a few moments, then switched his set to receiving. The beam came through with an intermittent buzz as though the power at the other end was being interrupted. Then a weak signal clicked against the diaphragm in the receiving set.

"*Athabasca* calling CF-MPF! *Athabasca* calling. . . ."

The call died out.

"What does that mean?" Corporal McFarland asked.

"Probably means they're going through the same sort of thing that hit the *Assiniboine!*" Big Jim replied.

The drone of the motor in the nose of the ship prevented all but the most vital conversation. Above their heads, the stars were twinkling. A sickle moon was climbing up from the west, and flickering beams marked the ripples on the water beneath them.

"I can understand a crew of Eskimos getting aboard a grain carrier once," McFarland declared. "But I don't think a skipper would let it happen a second time."

"Maybe not," agreed Big Jim Malloy. "But we'll know more about it when we get there. Break out the sub-machine guns."

Glad to have something to do, Corporal McFarland turned to the rack that held the firearms in the plane. He opened the lock, took out two sub-machine guns, and laid them across his lap. He checked on their mechanism carefully, then fitted the drums of ammunition to each one of them.

He leaned one of the guns against Sergeant Malloy's seat, where it would be handy to the Northland hunter, and braced the other against the cabin brace at his own elbow.

A little more than an hour zipped by before Big Jim Malloy's keen eyes marked the brightening of the sky ahead of them.

"That looks like it," he crisped, "and she's afire, too."

McFarland pressed his nose to the glass in front of his seat, peered through the blur of the propeller. Then his hand closed about the walnut butt of the sub-machine gun.

"I'd like to get my sights on the bloody murderers

responsible for that," he said. "Not only do we have to put up with the submarines and the dive bombers when our ships approach the English coast, but now they've dragged a pack of wacky Eskimos into it. That wheat must be pretty tough chewing for them. I should think it would be easier for them to steal bags of flour."

Corporal McFarland's mumble drifted past the sergeant's ears, and he nodded his head briefly. Then he was veering the nose of the *Norseman* toward the brightening sky.

As they approached the ship, the flames lit up several lifeboats on the surface of the water. Further away in the gloom beyond the heat of the flames there was another grain ship lying to.

Corporal McFarland pushed open one of the windows, and rested the muzzle of his gun on it. He lined it on one of the lifeboats. Big Jim Malloy kicked on the beam of the searchlight, and a white pillar of light joined the flickering reds, yellows and purples of the fire.

"There's the bloody blighters down there now," McFarland declared.

"Take it easy," Sergeant Malloy cautioned him. "It may be a boatload of survivors. Or one of the lifeboats from the other ship, standing by."

The corporal withdrew his machine-gun, held it loosely in his lap while Sergeant Malloy brought the plane down gently on the surface of the bay. He taxied toward the nearest lifeboat, and McFarland traded his gun for a pike-pole to fend off the surface craft.

When they were close enough to hail, Sergeant Malloy opened the cabin door and called:

"What ship?"

"*Athabasca* out of Churchill for Liverpool. Cargo of grain. Captain Mulhouse commanding."

"Where's the captain?" Sergeant Malloy asked.

"He's in lifeboat number one," replied the boatswain at the helm of the nearest lifeboat.

"What's the other ship off to the windward there?"

"She's the *Mackenzie*, sir. Captain Breasted commanding."

"Very good," replied Sergeant Malloy. "Make for the *Mackenzie*, and get aboard. I'll follow you."

The boatswain and the corporal pushed each other's craft clear, and the sailors bent their backs to the oars. Sergeant Malloy's propellor was idling and once he was back in the cockpit, it was a simple matter for him to goose the motor into half throttle. The *Norseman* moved around into the wind, and wave-jumped toward the *Mackenzie*.

As they were moving along, Sergeant Malloy said:

"This setup looks sort of screwy. If we're going to have any trouble it'll be aboard the *Mackenzie*. I'll do my palavering with Mulhouse and Breasted on board the *Mackenzie*, but right at the head of the Jacob's ladder. You keep your eye cocked, and your finger on the trigger."

Corporal McFarland nodded. Then Big Jim Malloy was beside the *Mackenzie*. Cargo nets had been lowered over the side, and the survivors of the *Atha-*

*basca* were already swarming aboard the other grain carrier. The sergeant climbed onto the shaky platform of the Jacob's ladder, gripped the rope railing and mounted to the deck.

Two familiar figures greeted him. The first one was Captain Louis Breasted, erstwhile commander of the *Assiniboine*, and the other was Captain Otto Mulhause, onetime first mate of the same ship. Malloy looked from one to the other. Captain Breasted looked harried but he shouted out his commands to the men lining the rail, in the wheelhouse, and below in the engine room in a loud, steady voice. His weary eyes looked angry.

Mulhause was entirely different. His uniform coat was torn. His hands were covered with callouses that hid watery blisters. Black marks streaked the hairy flesh of his arms, and the ruddy glow of his cheeks was smeared with soot.

Loading lights in the rigging and hooked to wall sockets along the cabin deck illuminated the scene.

"Hello, Sergeant," Captain Breasted greeted him. "Looks like you're our full-time trouble-shooter."

"Maybe," Malloy said in clipped tones. "What is it this time?"

"You'll have to ask Captain Mulhause about that," Breasted replied. "He's just come aboard, and I haven't had time to talk with him myself."

Otto Mulhause nodded briefly, and described his brush with the raiders without preamble.

"It was almost the same as the first time," he declared. "This time we thought we'd be ready for

them. But they waited until it was dark then they jumped us."

There was one thing about Otto's story that didn't ring quite true. Most of Hudson's Bay was too far south to be included in the land of the Midnight Sun, but the nights were bright nevertheless until well after ten o'clock, particularly when stars and a moon added their brilliance to the twilight.

"How did they get aboard?" Sergeant Malloy asked briskly.

"Scrambled up the log line we had over the stern. No one was on watch there, and after they had one or two men aboard they probably dropped ratlines. That's the way I figure it, anyway."

Sergeant Malloy nodded. Then he was the alert police officer, and he took statements from others of the crew members as they came aboard. He checked these stories with the captains', and the other sailors', and formed his own opinions.

When he had made a digest of the facts, he turned back to Mulhause and said:

"You realize that your German background, and the fact that two ships have burned out from under you isn't going to help you, don't you?"

Captain Mulhause bristled. He moved swiftly toward the sergeant and his fingers balled into a fist.

"I'm as loyal a Canadian as any man here!" he insisted. "I've lived here for twenty years."

"Twenty years?" Sergeant Malloy repeated carefully. "That would mean you came here in 1920. You were about twenty-three years old, then,

weren't you?"

"What has that got to do with it?" Mulhause asked.

"Nothing much," the sergeant evaded with all the ease of a cat playing with a mouse. "But you were eligible for military service in Germany before you came to Canada. You probably served in the German Navy during the last war."

Mutterings ran through the crowd of sailors gathered around the two men. Malloy sensed their spirit and he did not want the crowd to get out of hand.

"I've never tried to hide it," Captain Mulhause insisted. "It's in all my papers. Captain Breasted knew about it, the people at Churchill knew about it. The officials in Liverpool know about it. I did serve in the German Navy in the last war. But that's no proof that I'm not a loyal Canadian now. Many thousands of my countrymen have no love for Hitler or Goering or for Admiral Raeder and the rest of the rat-pack."

Sergeant Malloy nodded slowly.

"All right," he said finally. Then he turned to Breasted and said: "I understand that the *Assiniboine* did not sink after it burned in the Spring. The *Athabasca* will probably stay afloat too. You will stand by here, and when the *Athabasca* is cool enough, put aboard lines, and tow it back to Churchill."

"But that will mean I'm liable to lose the open water in Hudson Strait and Ungava Bay. I'll never get out before the ice moves southward." Captain

Breasted bristled angrily.

"You have your orders!" Sergeant Malloy insisted. "They are police orders. Besides we don't want these crew men to go to Europe just for the ride. They're needed here for paying cargoes."

The burning *Athabasca* was settling down to a dull glow. The night was marked by the hissing and curdling of the water as it brushed the hot sides of the grain carrier.

"You'll be coming with me, Captain Mulhause," Sergeant Malloy announced as he started for the Jacob's ladder. "Inspector Martin of 'G' Division is at Belcher Islands. I'm sure he'd like to hear your story."

Otto Mulhause shrugged his shoulders, then he said:

"Okay, Sergeant. But you're making a mistake."

They marched down the Jacob's ladder in single file, and Mulhause climbed into the *Norseman* while Corporal McFarland held it fast. Then the sergeant followed, and the plane floated free.

"Keep an eye on the captain, Corporal," Sergeant Malloy instructed. Then he turned to the pilot's seat, settled down in it, and adjusted the switches. The motor roared into life again, not having had sufficient time to cool off, and Big Jim was heading away from the side of the *Mackenzie*. When they were in the air and had circled the grain carrier and its derelict companion, Big Jim turned to Otto Mulhause and said:

"Now we're going to try and pick up your Eskimo raiders. Which way did they go?"

The ship's officer was moodily silent. Sergeant Malloy's jaw thrust out, and he said brusquely:

"Maybe I've made a mistake about you. But this is no way for you to prove it. If there are any Eskimo raiders, the quicker we capture them, the easier it will be for you to clear yourself."

"I guess you're right," Mulhause agreed. "Well, they headed almost due east. I didn't have much time to watch them, because I was too busy trying to get my crew away safely. After all, that's a captain's first responsibility."

Big Jim Malloy nodded his head slowly. He was winging along the 60th parallel where it curved in toward the Ottawa Islands. They crisscrossed the area within twenty-five miles of the burning *Athabasca* but saw no sign of any boat that might contain the Eskimos.

When their fuel started to run low, Big Jim said: "We're running out of gas. I'll have to head back for Belcher. And I think you'd better brush up on your story for the Inspector, Captain."

Corporal McFarland tightened his grip on his gun. Otto Mulhause said nothing. His eyes rested briefly, surlily, on Malloy's face. Then he looked away. The occupants of the cabin lapsed into a silence broken only by the drone of the motor, and an occasional crisp crackling of the radio set.

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## Chapter 18

Captain Mulhouse's interview with Inspector Martin brought out no more information than Big Jim Malloy had secured on the deck of the *Mackenzie*. The morning after Sergeant Malloy's return from the burning of the *Athabasca*, Flight-lieutenant Miscampbell took off for Moose Factory to check on the arrival of the judicial party. They had planned to come aboard the S. S. *Fort Charles*. Rough weather and unruly tides were delaying the boat.

En route to Moose Factory, Lieutenant Miscampbell spotted the boat working valiantly northward under a full head of steam. He stopped over at the Royal Mounted detachment long enough to hand Sergeant Malloy's package to Constable Dexter to be sent to the laboratory of Larry Duncan in Ottawa.

The *Norseman* met the *Fort Charles* on the return flight, and dipped its wings in salute. The ship crossed the open water safely, and discharged its passengers at the foot of the promontory beyond

the Hudson's Bay Post. All of the Eskimos, the members of the police party, and the prisoners watched with interest from vantage points on the rocks while Justice Plaxton, and attorneys Olmstead and Madden came ashore.

J. P. Madden spent several hours talking to the prisoners, availing himself of Big Jim Malloy's offer to act as interpreter. At this point, the confidence that Sergeant Malloy had built up in the minds of Peter Sala, Charley Ouyerack, Adlaykok and the others paid real dividends.

Some of the details of the stories told by the Eskimos were so bizarre, that Madden found it difficult to believe them. But Big Jim Malloy assured him soberly that the natives were not embroidering the stories at all.

Otto Mulhouse watched the preparations with mingled interest and suspicion. He had been placed under protective custody, at the request of Sergeant Malloy. At first, Inspector Martin had questioned the wisdom of this action, but a few terse words from the sergeant had convinced him of the rightness of Big Jim's action.

On August 19th the trial began.

The marquee had been set up in the square between the Hudson's Bay buildings. Spectators and prisoners entered the marquee through its southern flap. Benches had been placed in the pavilion, and some of the Eskimos sat on the ones in the rear. But the greater proportion of the natives obeying their lifelong custom, squatted on the moss-covered floor.

All of the official pomp and protocol had been transported to the rugged northern wasteland. Across the center of the tent was a wooden bench for the prisoners. Along the west side there was a crude jury box in which the panel of six was seated.

Opposite the jurors sat R. A. Olmstead, the Crown counsel and J. P. Madden, the counsel for the defense, both arrayed in their gowns.

Outside the marquee's northern entrance, the British flag was unfurled to the clear, warm air. When the court was ready to open, Judge Plaxton, looking very dignified in his court gown, strolled through the northern opening.

Sergeant Kearney as clerk of the court, intoned the time-honored:

"Oyez, Oyez, His Majesty's Supreme Court is now in session for the venue of Belcher Islands. Mr. Justice C. P. Plaxton, presiding. All those who have business with this court will please draw close and they will be heard."

As the ritual rang through the improvised court-room, all those within hearing stood up. Judge Plaxton proceeded to his place, and sat down.

"Be seated!" Sergeant Kearney instructed.

The judge gravely mounted the dais at the front and sat down before a table which was draped with the Union Jack. A portrait of the royal family of Great Britain, another symbol of British justice, hung just behind His Lordship at the left.

Sergeant Kearney declared the court open in the name of the King. Solemnly the indictments were read.

Big Jim Malloy sat in the rear, with Captain Mulhause close beside him. As the formal language of the official charges were read off, Big Jim checked each item. He wanted to see how they would dovetail into the larger criminal pattern of which the sergeant felt they were only a relatively small part.

Charley Ouyerack and Peter Quarack were charged jointly with the murder of Alex Epuk. Adlaykok and Peter Sala were accused of the killing of Keytowieack. Apawkok and Akeevik were to be tried for the murder of Sara Apawkok.

The lengthy legal presentation of the evidence followed in the same solemn vein, and the prosecution and the defense took their turns before the bar.

Only about one third of the evidence had been presented when the court was adjourned for the first day. There was no question about the impression that had been created upon the Eskimos. Before their tents that evening they discussed the case, and those who were related to the defendants realized that the culprits had committed heinous crimes and would surely be severely punished.

With the trial not half over, therefore, the visitors to Belcher were treated to the weird sound of Eskimo mourning and moaning, even before any verdict had been reached.

Sergeant Malloy was chafing at the inaction which kept him close to Belcher. Since he had been instrumental in collecting a vital part of the evidence, however, he had to remain within the jurisdiction of the court.

That night at nine o'clock, the usual time for

Riddell's radio broadcasts Big Jim Malloy again took over the sending and receiving station. Riddell was locked in the room with the police sergeant, so that nothing in the way of news comment or discussion relative to the Belcher Islands case would come to the ears of the jurors in the adjacent room.

Earlier news broadcasts had indicated that the Hudson's Bay murders were capturing the interest of millions of Canadians from Halifax to Vancouver Island.

Big Jim Malloy culled through the broadcasts from Port Harrison and Churchill, Manitoba. The Churchill station reported the safe return of the *Mackenzie* towing the *Athabasca*. The burly sergeant was about to close down the set when he heard a signal on his wave length. He cut in on it immediately, stepped up the power, and then barked:

"Belcher Islands calling!"

He switched to receiving, and almost immediately he heard a familiar voice.

"Hello, Irish!"

Big Jim Malloy chuckled, then said, rather formally. "Come in, 'G' Division!"

Sergeant Wiggins exchanged a moment's idle talk with Malloy, then said:

"I've got a rather official-looking report here for you from Larry Duncan. He just brought it in. Said it was about some piece of plaster you shipped down with a footprint on it. Who do you think you are, Grauman's Chinese Theater?"

"Nothing like that," laughed Malloy. "This may be important. Let's have the dope on it."

"I don't know whether I should or not," Sergeant Wiggins tantalized, "the assistant commisioner is liable to have you up under the 'Trading With the Enemey' Act."

This was more than enough to pique even Sergeant Malloy's curiosity. At the same time, Big Jim realized that Wiggins was trying to give him a hint of the confidential nature of the report, so that Malloy could act accordingly. He cut off the key on the receiving set, then turned to Riddell, and with a half-apologetic smile, he said:

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take a walk."

"Okay with me," Riddell replied. "If she's a blonde, give her my love."

Then the factor walked to the door and passed out into the main room of the post. He closed the panel behind him.

Big Jim flashed his key on again, then said:

"All clear at this end for the Duncan report. Let's have it Wiggins."

"Righto," replied the sergeant. "I'll give it to you slow, so you can take it down with that two-finger typing system of yours." Big Jim chuckled. His fingers plugged away at the typewriter as his ears were glued to the receiving set. When he had concluded and checked the report, he whistled shrilly, and almost missed Sergeant Wiggins' cheery:

"That is all Belcher. 'G' Division signing off. Wiggins."

Big Jim closed the key and the switch automatically, then turned down the rheostats and rolled the report out of the typewriter. It read:

SUBJECT: Hudson Bay Murders

Officer: Sergeant Jim Malloy, Operating with 'G' Division.

EXHIBIT: Boot print taken by the officer at a camp on Nastapoke River, Ungava Territory.

CONDITION OF PRINT: Good.

FINDINGS: The print in question is from a size 8, rubber boot, usually worn by seafaring men and fishermen. The design, a curious cross with the words "Bayer" "Gummi," is one of those in our files.

The word "Bayer" is the first five letters of the word "Bayern."

The product is manufactured at the "Bayern Gummi Gesellschaft," at Munich, Bavaria, Germany.

Lawrence H. Duncan, *Technician*.

Big Jim Malloy folded the paper thoughtfully, put it in the pocket of his tunic, and strode to the door. Ernest Riddell was leaning against the door jamb and watching the others in the big room. Even though it was now midsummer a crackling fire blazed in the chimney.

Several of the police officers were playing cards at a table to the right of the fireplace. Some of the traders were playing cribbage. Through the window, Big Jim could watch the Eskimos as they played the notched stick game and swung on the rawhide merry-go-round the hunters had rigged up.

Inspector Martin relaxed in a rustic Morris chair,

and Big Jim went directly over to him. As the Inspector looked up, Big Jim handed him the report; he stuffed his pipe while he waited for Martin's reaction.

The Inspector of 'G' Division started through the report casually, then almost leaped out of his chair as he said:

"It's impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible in this world," Big Jim reminded him. "We've already lost two shiploads of grain within three hundred miles of here. What would be easier than for the Germans to get agents in here, stir up trouble with the Eskimos and the Indians, and keep us upset here in Canada?"

Inspector Martin walked outside with the burly sergeant. They paced up and down between the two fir trees. The Inspector was visibly upset, and he said:

"If the Home Office suspects anything like this is going on right in the center of the Dominion, there'll be merry hell to pay."

"Exactly," replied Sergeant Malloy. "That's why it's up to us to clear up this whole business before the Home Office has a chance to worry about it."

"And I suppose that's as simple as it sounds," the Inspector declared. "All we have to do is line up several million Canadians, ask each one to stick up his right foot, and we'll be able to tell whether he or she wears the boot we're looking for."

Big Jim Malloy chuckled. Then he said:

"It isn't as bad as that. Luckily only a very small percentage of our Canadian population ever gets

up into the Canadian Northwest, and an even smaller proportion of them would have an opportunity to hang around Hudson's Bay for six or seven months without being spotted. That narrows down our search considerably."

Inspector Martin ceased pacing. He looked up at the star-sprinkled sky, and then out across the bleak tundra that surrounded the Belcher trading post. Big Jim coaled up his pipe again, squinted his eyes as he looked out over the water. Otto Mulhause was out on the end of the pier, looking across the boundless waters of the Bay. His was the forlorn, lost-looking stare of the captain who's lost his ship.

Big Jim Malloy snapped his fingers, then he turned to the Inspector and said:

"Will you take a walk with me, Inspector?"

Martin knew that Malloy was not the type to lead him on a wild goose chase. He nodded tersely and he followed the husky sergeant directly toward the room in the post buildings that Otto Mulhause occupied.

They tried the door, found it unlocked. Doors seldom are locked in the Northland.

"We ought to have a warrant for this," protested the Inspector.

"You're a justice of the peace," Big Jim Malloy reminded him, "I'll take your presence as sufficient authority."

"What are you looking for?" Martin inquired brusquely.

"A boot," Sergeant Malloy replied—"a rubber

The Inspector pricked up his ears immediately. His jaw and nose thrust forward like the snout of a beagle on the scent. Then he knelt down beside the sergeant as the latter searched under the bed Otto Mulhause was occupying.

Sergeant Malloy backed out from under the bed with a grunt of satisfaction. He was holding a boot in his hand, and as he brought it out and turned a flashlight on it, Inspector Martin reached for it.

Plainly visible across the sole of the boot was the curious cross and the trade mark.

"We'll arrest Mulhause right away," the Inspector declared. "He's probably directing these Eskimos in everything, and here he is right at the trial to laugh at us."

"Don't be too hasty," Malloy declared. "This is more than a one-man job. If Otto is guilty, we want to keep tabs on him and let him lead us to the others involved. That's one of the reasons I brought him down here. He's the only man who has seen the parties that raided both grain ships. Besides, I know he's not our mysterious John, Charley Ouyerack's friend."

"How do you know that?" Inspector Martin countered.

"Duncan's report tells me that," Sergeant Malloy replied. He pointed to the moot size which was set in the instep in raised letters. "This boot is size nine. The sample Duncan had was size 8. Besides, one of the distinguishing facts about the other boot

was the word 'Bayer.' The letter 'N' was missing. On this boot we can read the whole word."

The Inspector nodded. He was devoutly glad to have this case in the capable hands of Sergeant Jim Malloy, whose quick brain was more than a match for any clever Nazi agent's. After a pause in which Big Jim made some notes in his voluminous book, the Inspector asked:

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to put this boot back where I found it; try to get out of here without Mulhouse seeing me, and then I'm going to bed. Court convenes early in the morning."

Inspector Martin said nothing. He followed the sergeant out of the room, left him at the entrance to the main room of the Post, and watched the broad back of the police officer as Jim went on to his own quarters.

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## Chapter 19

The court proceedings at Belcher lasted three days. Everyone, Eskimo, white trader, police officer and visiting habitant followed with interest the legal procedure in the open-air court. It was fascinating to some, novel and interesting to others, unintelligible to a good many. But it was impressive to all.

But none of those inside the tent, with the exception of Inspector Martin and Big Jim Malloy sensed anything of the sudden parallel drama going on behind the scenes, unfurling a great mantle of doom and threat over the length and breadth of Hudson's Bay. The shadow of the Swastika had fallen athwart the peaceful settlements of the Canadian northland.

Several times during the trial, stern measures had to be observed regarding Mina Sala, who was judged insane. As the evidence was turned in and presented to judge and jury, it was also decided that at the time of the murder of Sara Apawkok, Akeevik had also been temporarily insane.

When the verdicts were finally handed in on the

third day, Alec Apawkok was acquitted. The other four defendants were convicted. The verdicts were handed to Sergeant Kearney as the clerk of the court, and he offered them to Justice Plaxton. The judge returned them to the clerk to be read in open court.

The earlier muttering and moaning among the Eskimos was repeated as the verdicts were handed down. The pomp and solemnity of the occasion lasted right through Kearney's calling the roll of the convicted.

"Charley Ouyerack, Peter Sala, Adlaykok and Peter Quarack to the bar."

The defense counsel spoke to the men, and they formed in line before Justice Plaxton's table. He addressed each of them in turn.

"Peter Quarack," he began, "it is the judgment of this court that you be sentenced to two years in prison, but said sentence is suspended."

Mr. Madden, the defense counsel explained this sentence to the Eskimo through Jim Malloy, acting as interpreter. The judge continued:

"Adlaykok, you will serve one year at hard labor."

The second Eskimo looked toward the sergeant who rattled off the sentence in the Kittoktangmiut dialect. Then Justice Plaxton went on:

"Peter Sala, you are sentenced to two years at hard labor. Your education has been greater than those others who have appeared before me. You have had the advantages of association with Factor Riddell and other white men, and should have recog-

nized the seriousness of these acts more than your fellows."

Sala nodded. Then it was Charley Ouyerack's turn.

"You, Charley Ouyerack, have been a very misguided man. At least you have made the acquaintance of the Royal Mounted Police. You will find, in the future, that they are your real friends. Rely upon them when you are in trouble. For your part in originating and perpetuating this bizarre reign of terror, you will serve two years at hard labor. All of these prison terms will be served at the Royal Canadian Mounted Police guard-room at Chesterfield Inlet."

When the justice had concluded, Sergeant Kearney stood at the right of the prisoners and asked:

"Does anyone wish to speak for any of the prisoners, before court is adjourned?"

The sergeant had intended this question as a mere ritual and matter of form. But a dramatic and unlooked-for interruption added a final touch of the bizarre to this strange case.

A hollow booming voice broke in upon the proceedings, as though in answer to the invitation of the clerk of the court, and in words that were spoken in a tongue familiar to Big Jim Malloy, Charley Ouyerack and the others of the Kittoktangmiuts, it said:

"Be of good cheer, Charley Ouyerack. The sentence that has been passed will never be served. You have done me a great favor, and I will reward you. Your faith has been wavering in the past few weeks,

but I am a forgiving man. You can depend on your friend John!"

Big Jim Malloy sensed that this interruption might well destroy the whole effect of the trial. At the same time, he was more or less prepared for an interruption of this kind. He had heard John's "miraculous" speech in the camp of the Eskimo prisoners at Povungnituk.

Charley Oyerack turned from his place at the bar, and looked upward toward the marquee. The other Eskimos in the rear of the pavilion shuffled and moved about restlessly. The mounted police officers circled the marquee and found no one. Inspector Martin turned to Big Jim Malloy and whispered:

"What is it?"

"It's a clever radio device, I'm sure," Big Jim replied. "But the speech, coming at this time, has made a deep impression on the natives. We've got to find out what produced that voice!"

The search did not take very long, the sensitive receiving disk was behind the picture of King George and Queen Elizabeth and their two daughters. Whoever put it there decided that the picture would be the last thing in the improvised courtroom that would be considered as suspicious.

As soon as the sergeant exposed this mechanism to the Eskimo audience, the court was adjourned, but the natives remained to listen to the calculated words of Big Jim Malloy.

"You see now," he pointed out, "that this phantom John has betrayed you. He has used clever man-

made things to impress you with the belief that he is divine. He has tricked your leader Charley Ouyerack, so that he is in disgrace with the redcoats and the men in black robes, and will have to work long months at the police guard-room at Chesterfield Inlet."

There were angry mutterings from among the Kittoktangmiuts. Many of them stood up, and the men advanced toward Big Jim. At first he wondered if they were contemplating an attack on him; but instead they took hold of his arms and pressed against his body with gestures of earnest friendliness and cooperation.

One of the natives whom Big Jim recognized as George Luokara from Great Whale River said:

"We would find revenge on this lying John. If you will lead us into the North to find him, we will slay him and wipe out the disgrace that has been heaped upon the Kittoktangmiuts. Lead us, Big Jim!"

"Go peacefully to your camp, George, and keep the hunters in bounds until I have worked out a plan. This John is clever, and we must make sure that he does not slip through our fingers to bring trouble to other Eskimo bands around the shores of Hudson's Bay."

"The sergeant speaks with the tongue of truth," George Luokara declared to the assembled hunters. They were about to return to their camps in response to the sergeant's suggestion when the Reverend Neilson took the place at the table that had been vacated by Justice Plaxton.

The clergyman addressed them calmly in their

own dialect while Sergeant Malloy stood beside him. He said:

"Through the length and breadth of this world, the great nations are locked in mortal combat. Many people are dying on the battlefields, on the seas, and in the air. Theirs is a noble death. They are fighting for the preservation of their greatest ideals, for the defense of their own mode of life. There is a spiritual greatness to this sort of death. But when Kittoktangmiuts kill Kittoktangmiuts, the sight is displeasing in the sight of God. It is brother against sister, leader against followers. We must all remain united."

The natives stood with upraised arms and promised there would be no more murders. They sang hymns and listened attentively while the Anglican missionary from Great Whale River gave them words of advice.

When the prayer meeting was over, the natives went back to their hide-shelters, and Big Jim Malloy walked toward the post buildings with the clergyman.

"Very impressive," Neilson declared. "I think it's straightened everything out very nicely."

"I hope you're right," agreed Big Jim. "But there's one more job for me to do."

Reverend Neilson looked at the sergeant with grim eyes, then said:

"Police business is important business. Good luck to you." Firmly, he shook hands with Big Jim.

Back in the center of the clearing, the last pegs of the makeshift courtroom were being pulled up.

There was a different attitude, almost a sense of relief and gaiety among the whites and natives at Belcher. It was obvious that the shadow of religious strife and unchecked violence which had hung over that tiny settlement in Hudson's Bay had wholly dissipated.

Disputes, fears and violence were forgotten. The dark-skinned islanders returned to their usual haunts and activities: bird-hunting, fishing, cranberry-picking. All save those who had rallied around George Luokara.

Both groups had discovered that the redcoats were not beings who lived in the big cities and far away, along the railroad lines. The far-reaching power of the law had come into the North, using airplane, train, horse-and-sleigh, rail jigger, canoe, dog-team and steamship. Great strength was certainly at the beck and call of the white man. He was a mighty leader and an understanding father.

After leaving the dominie, Big Jim Malloy went to talk with Inspector Martin. The police officer was in conference with the judge and the counsellors, and plans were forming for the departure of the official party on the *Fort Charles*.

The Inspector and the sergeant strolled off to a corner of the big room with its frontier decorations, and the Inspector said:

“What's the next step?”

“That radio hook-up means two things; our master mind expects to attempt a rescue of these Eskimo prisoners between here and Chesterfield Inlet. In the second place there's a traitor right here on the

island. We've got to spike that rescue and round up that traitor."

Inspector Martin nodded somberly. He knew that the sturdy Irishman must have a definite plan in mind, and he was listening intently for the details. As always, however, Big Jim Malloy presented a picture of studied calm. His right hand dug in his tunic pocket for the inevitable pipe, and while he lighted it, he gazed at a picture on the wall.

"Your traitor must be among the natives," the sergeant began between puffs of his pipe. "We know all of the white men here. And with the exception of Otto Mulhause, they are all above reproach. I've been keeping tabs on Otto, you know, and he had no opportunity to work the radio device. I'd swear to that."

"That sounds logical, but how do we pick out the native?" Inspector Martin inquired.

"Well," Big Jim Malloy declared. "This is one very good example of 'safety in numbers'. Eskimo bands have come to this trial from all over the Eastern part of Canada. Many of them are strangers to each other, although they are familiar to the members of their own band. A traitor among them could circulate freely without exciting too much suspicion because each camp he visited would accept him readily, believing he was a member of one of the other bands."

"I get it," the Inspector cracked his hands together. "When the big encampment starts to break up, the bands will move off together. Our traitor will either be left alone, or he'll try to mix with one

of the groups. If we ask the leaders to report any newcomers to their bands, we'll have him."

"Right," agreed the sergeant.

"I'll take care of it," the 'G' Division Inspector replied. "What about the other end of the job?"

"I'm going to ask a few favors on that," Big Jim declared. "First I want you to let me take the prisoners to Chesterfield Inlet. I'll want a whaleboat equipped with an auxiliary motor, jury sails, and the authority to deputize sixteen special constables."

Inspector Martin licked his lips soberly. His keen eyes sparkled, and he put one hand on the shoulder of the huge officer.

"I've only a vague idea of what you're planning to do, Jim. But results are the things that count now. With many of our best men working with Canada's armed forces, we have to do with as few men as possible. Lord knows, the Mounties have always gotten along with a minimum of manpower, and done a damn fine job, too. Deputize your constables, and good luck to you."

"That's only half of it," Big Jim laughed. Inspector Martin chuckled and replied:

"I might have known there'd be a catch to it somewhere. What is it this time?"

"Well," Big Jim bathed the atmosphere with mellow pipe smoke, "I have fourteen natives in mind as deputies. For the other two, I'd like to have Bob Sedgewick and Lieutenant Arthur Comstock, R.C.N.R. After all, we are at war, and a delegate from the press and the armed forces might round out our party nicely."

"That's going to mean a few days' delay," Inspector Martin pointed out.

"Sometimes delay is a good thing," Sergeant Malloy pointed out. "If our ringleader is bounding around on the surface of Hudson's Bay waiting for the police expedition to come along so he can clean it out, he'll begin to get anxious when we don't show up."

"Okay," the Inspector agreed. "I'll take care of it right away. In the meantime you can go ahead and organize your Eskimo deputies. I'm sure Sedgewick and Comstock have worked with you often enough to know what you have in mind without too much training."

Big Jim saluted smartly, turned on his heel, and left the building. He sought out George Luokara and the others, and settled down on his haunches among them. This bit of informality had a marked effect on the natives. Big Jim was an understanding brother. He roughly outlined his plan, asked for suggestions from George Luokara and the other Eskimo hunters who knew the waters of Hudson's Bay as an old maid knows the inside of her teacup.

When the conference was about to break up, George Luokara patted Big Jim on the shoulder and said:

"Sergeant Jim have big mind. His plan like kayak, what white traders call air-tight. Eskimo like leader like Big Jim. We fix."

While the Eskimos worked carefully to load the necessary equipment into the motor whaleboat, Big Jim supervised other details of the preparations.

He gave strict orders for the sealing of the radio room, with access to be permitted only to Ernest Riddell and himself. He did not want the native traitor in their midst to have an opportunity to warn his master of the discovery of the receiving apparatus. Neither did he want any news of his plans to get to the outside world.

He was planning a clever surprise, and he wanted it to remain a surprise. For the first time in six long months, the hunters of the Kittoktangmiuts went around with smiles on their faces. Even Charley Oueyrack, Peter Sala and Adlaykok laughed contentedly.

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## Chapter 20

Lieutenant Arthur Comstock and Bob Sedgewick arrived several days later. Flight-lieutenant Miss-campbell had flown the *Norseman* down to Moose Factory to pick them up at the end of steel. Big Jim Malloy was down at the seaplane float when the craft circled over the buildings of Belcher and came in for a landing.

The weather was warm, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. White caps were tipping the wavelets that came in upon the reddish gravel beaches. Many of the Eskimos had already left, but other boats and camps were visible up and down the rocky coastline.

Sedgewick came ashore first. He greeted Big Jim like a long-lost brother and then said:

"I suppose you've got this all wrapped up and ready to deliver."

"Not exactly," Sergeant Malloy replied. "I'm looking for a couple of good men with quick trigger fingers and eagle eyes."

"Here we are," broke in Lieutenant Comstock, "where do we go from here?"

"Out for a boat ride," Malloy told him. "That ought to be a novelty for you."

"It sure is," Comstock replied. "I haven't seen a boat for three days now, or is it four?"

The three men exchanged small talk while the flight-lieutenant prepared his ship for the trip, then Malloy led the way to the Post buildings. The details of the plan were gone over carefully; and all angles were checked and double checked. Then Bob Sergewick settled back, and lighted up a cigarette. Big Jim Malloy turned to Lieutenant Comstock and asked:

"How's submarine chasing in the Gulf of Saint Lawrence?"

"Dull as dish water," the lieutenant replied. "I haven't seen a periscope in months. We haven't had anything but routine patrols since that night you were with us and we sank the U-219. We made a big mistake in letting René Le Compte get killed. He was the honey jar for those Nazi sugar-stealers."

Bob Sedgewick blew smoke rings through his mouth, and punched through them with his finger, then said:

"When I think of all the time I spent trying to dope out those numbers for the sergeant, and nothing ever came of it, I could kick myself around."

"Probably some blonde's telephone number that René was going to call when he got back to Tadoussac," Lieutenant Comstock replied.

Big Jim nodded, then added the cloud of smoke from his pipe to the other blue haze in the room.

"What were those numbers again?" he asked languidly.

"I don't remember them offhand," Sedgewick replied, "but I have them jotted down somewhere in my notebook." He pulled the leather-covered pad from his pocket, flicked through the well-thumbed pages, and then said: "Here they are: Seven-nine-four-zero-five-seven-ten."

"Sounds like a bingo game I went to once," Big Jim laughed. The conversation shifted to other subjects, and finally came back to the matter at hand. The police party would be leaving for Chesterfield Inlet early in the morning, so Big Jim suggested an early adjournment in the direction of bed.

Daybreak found the special Eskimo deputies, the three prisoners and their white warders swarming around the big whaleboat. Inspector Martin came down to see them off, and as they pushed away from the dock on their long and hazardous journey he called out:

"We'll be looking for you, Jim. Give us a flash from Chesterfield when you get there."

"You'll probably hear from us before that," Big Jim replied. "Or I miss my guess. But thanks anyway, for everything."

There was a stiff south wind blowing when the whaleboat cleared the tip of Koogong Island, the westermost in the Belcher group, and with the aid of his Eskimo crew members, Big Jim rigged the sail, and they made good time northwestward.

As soon as they were under way, the sergeant gathered Sedgewick, Comstock, George Luokara,

Charley Ouyerack and Peter Sala about him.

"We're dividing this party up into watches," he announced. "Sedgewick will be in charge of one watch; Comstock will have charge of another. George Luokara will have charge of the Eskimos from the Sandy Point band at Great Whale River, while Peter Sala will give orders to the Kittoktang-miuts from Belcher Islands. Charley, I want you to stay near me in the bow of the boat all the time. After all, you're the one they're trying to rescue."

Whites and Eskimos nodded, then Malloy and Comstock went forward, and the police sergeant said:

"Get busy and rig up some canvas strips to raise the freeboard about five feet at the bow. Our killers will be watching us with powerful glasses, and I don't want them to know how many men we have aboard. There's a pretty heavy spray and if they see the canvas they'll figure we're just trying to keep dry."

"Good idea," agreed Comstock, and he lost no time in carrying it out.

Big Jim Malloy then raised another piece of tarpaulin in the waist of the whaleboat. This served as an impromptu cabin, and in it he had the compass, binnacle, sextant, and other instruments Lieutenant Comstock would require for his navigation. A chart of the bay was in a waterproof container, with the section between Belcher Islands and Fort Severn turned up.

Cases along the sides of the whaleboat, carefully packed and balanced, held the firearms that were to

give them the advantage of surprise.

As they put about one hundred miles between the islands and themselves, Sergeant Malloy issued crisp commands to his deputies.

"All Eskimo deputies clear their guns, and huddle down below the gunwales. I've a hunch we're going to meet our friends along here somewhere, and we want to be ready for them."

George Luokara and the others obeyed the instructions promptly. Comstock was at the helm of the whaleboat, and Bob Sedgewick kept out of sight. His scarlet uniform coat visible for miles in any direction, and a peaked cap over his forehead, Big Jim Malloy stood in the bow with Charley Ouerack at his side.

Jim's pistol belt and holster were conspicuously absent. The sergeant had hung it on a hook behind the canvas shield, where it would be out of sight but within easy reach.

Suddenly the Eskimo kneeling in the bow beside Jim squinted his eyes through an opening in the canvas and said:

"Sergeant Jim. There's another boat out there!"

"This is it," the sergeant called crisply. "Stand by for boarders."

Comstock whistled, then said:

"Sounds just like the good old days, when the French and English were fiddling around in Hudson's Bay. All we need is a round of hot shot across the bows!"

Suddenly there was a violent explosion followed by a scream of sound, and both Jim Malloy and

Charley Ouyerack dropped to the duckboards in the bottom of the whaleboat.

"Boy," laughed Comstock, "was that service! They must have a one-pounder in that boat. Now we're really in for it. If they have a mind to, they can sink us right here and now, and we wouldn't be able to get in a shot with our pop guns."

Big Jim Malloy signaled for George Luokara to drop the sail. The police whaleboat lost weigh, and turned into the trough of the sea while the other craft approached them.

"They won't sink us," Big Jim assured them. "They're anxious to rescue Charley Ouyerack, Peter Sala and Adlaykok. They've got to do that before they can carry out their promise to the Eskimos. After they do that, then they're liable to send us to the bottom. Hold your places, men, and when I reach for my gun, let them have it."

The others in the whaleboat nodded. Big Jim's fingers hovered over the buttoned back holster of his big service pistol. The whaleboat carrying the mysterious John and his Eskimo cohorts approached them rapidly. The one-pound gun was mounted just back of the bow and kept a steady bead on the side of the police craft.

Charley Ouyerack and Big Jim were again standing in the bow of their boat. Comstock was sitting at the rudder, moving it right and left to prevent the bounding waters of the bay from swamping the wallowing craft.

"That is John," Charley Ouyerack announced when the other boat was within hailing distance. Big

Jim Malloy listened to the simple statement with keen ears. Was Charley Ouyerack convinced that John was a faker, or did he actually believe that John was going to rescue him?

Suddenly the mysterious John called out:

"This is an unfortunate meeting for you, red-coat!"

There was a halting cadence to the other's speech, and Big Jim Malloy laughed harshly as he said:

"You would be much more at home speaking German, wouldn't you, *Kapitan?*"

The commander of the attacking boat cursed, then he said:

"You know me?"

"I'm afraid not," Sergeant Malloy replied, "but I have a fair idea of the plan you're trying to carry through. But you've come up against a tougher sort of opposition this time. This is the first time you've really come out into the open, and it'll be the last. Let's discard this crazy John business, and use your real name. I'm Sergeant Jim Malloy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"I know you, Sergeant Malloy," the German replied. "I made your acquaintance at the mouth of the Nastapoke River. I thought I had left you there for dead. But this time I will make sure of it. Lieutenant Johannes Schmidt never makes the same mistake twice."

Sergeant Malloy leaned forward slowly, rested his hands gently on the heavy cable that supported the canvas shield. His long fingers closed over the butt of his pistol, and he said crisply:

"You have been tricked, Lieutenant! If I were you I would surrender at once. I am here to arrest you in the name of his Majesty the King for the burning of two grain ships, and the murder of two seamen on the carrier *Assiniboine!*"

"Words," Lieutenant Schmidt gritted. "Now that you have destroyed the faith of the Kittoktang-miut in my teachings, there is no point in sparing you or your boat. Gunner, man your gun!"

The German who stood beside the lieutenant sprang to the lanyard of the one-pounder. But before he had an opportunity to snap it back, there was the crack of a rifle, and the sailor's hat rolled off and splashed into the water. His hands came up to his breast, and jerked feyishly in an instinctive attempt to tear out the burning lead that was embedded there.

"Got the dirty son with the first shot," Bob Sedgewick called as he jacked the cartridge out of his rifle, popped up alongside the gunwale in the waist of the police boat.

By this time the line of Eskimos had sprung up on all sides of the police whaleboat, and their rifles were aimed at the German raiders. Lieutenant Schmidt had no intention of surrendering, however. Instead, he snarled wildly at the way the tables had been turned; then he brought up a heavy Luger Naval automatic and trained it on Sergeant Malloy.

Two of the Eskimos had long pike poles, and they strained forward to catch the bobbing German craft wallowing close beside them.

Big Jim Malloy's pistol leveled. His calloused

thumb pried back the hammer, and he said:

"You've got one more chance, Lieutenant. Take it now!"

Grim suspense darted back and forth in almost tangible shafts between the two boats on the bobbing waters of Hudson's Bay. The gunner beside the lieutenant was the only German in the other boat. Behind him there were a group of flat-faced natives, and Big Jim's eyes moved from one individual to the next.

"You are not strong enough to defeat the Third Reich!" Schmidt roared. The muzzle of his automatic nosed up, and flame spurted from it. Big Jim Malloy leapt as the gun went off. Fire flashed from the barrel of his gun, and Lieutenant Schmidt toppled off the foothold at the bow of the boat.

Then the two whaleboats came together with a resounding crash. George Luokara's Eskimos dropped their automatic rifles, and leaped into the enemy boat with skinning knives in one hand and short-handled sealing spears in the other. They were more familiar with these weapons at close quarters and wielded them with a bloody assurance that was awesome to see.

Big Jim landed on the gunwale between the one-pound gun and the sprawling form of Lieutenant Schmidt at almost the same moment that George Luokara's shock troops hurled themselves upon the native crew.

Malloy's gun was cocked again, and he reached down and grabbed the German officer by the collar. Schmidt's mouth was open like a gasping fish, and

his tongue was licking at lips that were turning white, then blue. Blood bubbled in gouts from his lungs, and his mutterings were drowned in a white froth.

Charley Ouyerack came over beside Jim Malloy and knelt beside the dying German. His hunting knife was in his right hand, and he swung it aloft as he looked upon the mysterious John, Johannes Schmidt.

"He is my prisoner," Charley said simply.

Big Jim Malloy knew that this was a crucial moment in his relations with the Eskimos, and only if he handled it successfully would he be their leader and not their oppressor. He turned to Charley and said:

"The big hunter gets no renown when he captures the sick walrus, nor does he gain prestige when he brings in the wounded seal, if his own harpoon has not inflicted the wound. I wanted to let you pay your score with John, but he threatened my life, and I was forced to shoot him. Death is already folding its wings about him. Were you to slay him now with your knife, it would be only an empty victory."

The diminutive Eskimo chieftain looked placidly at Big Jim, then he looked down upon the mortally wounded German officer. He spat into the face of the man to show his contempt for him, then raised his knife, leaped over Schmidt's body and went to the aid of the other Eskimos fighting in a welter of blood and bodies between the benches of the whale-boat.

Big Jim crouched beside the German, and said loudly:

"You are dying, Lieutenant Schmidt. Your leader has sent you into a losing fight. Who is behind you, and where are your headquarters?"

Johannes Schmidt's eyes opened slowly. Already there was a smoky film covering them. Burst blood vessels formed a red lined pattern in them. His heavily bearded face was marked with tired lines. He moved a gnarled hand and rested it upon the gunwale of the boat. Then his lips opened and he said:

*"Heil Hitler!"*

The last syllable rolled off his tongue as another splash of foam dribbled onto his beard. Then he slumped down in the sloshing water in the bilge of the boat. A figure moved alongside Jim Malloy and the sergeant looked up.

Bob Sedgewick was standing beside him.

"He was a tough one, all right," the newspaperman declared. "Now we ought to be able to get to Chesterfield Inlet in peace. It was a swell fight while it lasted."

"How about casualties?" Jim Malloy asked soberly.

"Nothing to speak of," Bob Sedgewick reported. "Two of the Eskimos have bullets in the shoulders. Arthur Comstock has tied the tiller, and is probing for the lead. When they're bandaged up they'll be as good as new."

"How about the German crew?" Big Jim asked. Sedgewick shook his head slowly. Then he said:

"They didn't want to be taken prisoners. That was the sweetest Donnybrook I've ever seen; and after the first couple of shots, we saved plenty of ammunition. I never saw a bunch of Inuits get so mad. They're hell-on-wheels with those knives and spears, and may the Great Spirit spare me from a sock on the jaw with a fish club. But believe you me, they've really dug up something."

Big Jim Malloy was surveying the scene of battle. He walked from man to man, congratulating Charley, Peter and George on their successful skirmish formation and the bloody results they had obtained. Then he turned back to Sedgewick and asked:

"What's the 'something' you're worried about?"

"It's these Eskimos that were with Schmidt," Bob replied, settling himself so that he was balanced against the pitching and tossing of the two boats. "Just as Peter Sala told you, they're not from any tribe around here, and from the chatter they got off when we piled into them, they don't talk any dialect I've ever heard."

Big Jim laughed. Then he said:

"That's because they're not Eskimos!"

"Not Eskimos? Then what are they? They look like Eskimos."

"That's what the Germans were counting on," the police sergeant declared. "They'd fool the casual observer, and might even go a long way toward pulling the wool over the eyes of a man who'd confined his Eskimo friends to one group of natives. But they're Lapps!"

"Lapps?" Bob Sedgewick was still incredulous.

"But there are no Lapps in Canada. They only have them in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. How did they get here?"

"These Lapps probably came over at the same time as Lieutenant Schmidt," replied Sergeant Malloy. "Der Fuehrer must have had them rounded up shortly after the invasion of Norway, when his brass hats cooked up this plot for bringing terror to Hudson's Bay and the grain route. But don't let anyone tell you there were no Lapps in Canada before that."

Bob Sedgewick climbed back into the police boat with the sergeant. They went to where Lieutenant Comstock was treating the wounds of the two Eskimo casualties, and then Bob said:

"I thought I knew my Northland, but the longer I hang around Jim Malloy, the more I feel like a tenderfoot. He's trying to tell me now that we have Lapps in Canada."

Big Jim chuckled. He enjoyed the puzzlement that crossed Comstock's face. The naval lieutenant grinned then, and said:

"He's probably talking about the laps when you go out with your best girl. You can get a lot of fun out of a girl when you have her on your lap."

"That's hardly the kind I had in mind," Big Jim declared. "You fellows have short memories. Don't you remember the famine among the Eskimos several years ago. It extended from the Mackenzie River to the western shore of Hudson's Bay. The Government had to do something about it, and do it quick."

"You're right," Bob Sedgewick piped up. "Now I remember it. One of the special feature writers working for our syndicate did an article on it. The Canadian Government bought huge herds of reindeer, and ran them into the Yukon, the Mackenzie Valley and the Northwest Territories. But the Eskimos didn't have an idea in the world about how to herd reindeer."

"Exactly," Sergeant Malloy replied. "The Government bought them from the Lomen Brothers, a couple of Scandinavians living up in Nome. When the herder problem cropped up, Carl Lomen imported a group of Lapps from the other side to take over the job."

"How come they look like Eskimos?" Arthur Comstock asked.

The sergeant chuckled, then he said:

"I didn't dig very deeply into that branch of it. Some of the boys who make a study of that sort of thing figure that the Lapps and the Eskimos came from the same place originally."

"And that was Arctic Asia," Bob Sedgewick declared. "The Lapps moved westward into Europe, and the Eskimos moved eastward across the land-bridge that is now Kamchatka, the Diomede Islands and Alaska into northern North America."

The discussion was brought to a close when Big Jim Malloy said:

"Now let's chase back from the dim distant past, and figure out what we're going to do with ourselves up here in the middle of nowhere. We've still got a job to do. We've got to find the base where John

and his Lapps were operating when they raided the grain ships."

Comstock sobered almost immediately, and he said:

"That's going to be a job. There are thousands of square miles of land and water within reach of a motor whaleboat like the one Schmidt was using. How are we ever going to search all of them?"

"If we spared a few of those Lapps, we might have forced the information from them," Sedgewick said bitterly.

"Maybe we can narrow down the search by the process of elimination," Big Jim Malloy declared. "Let's clean up the dead bodies and see if they have any papers on them. Then we can get everything ship-shape in both boats, and attack our problem with singleness of purpose."

The two other white men and the Eskimo leaders agreed, and the group set to work with a will.

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## Chapter 21

A search of the bodies of the German lieutenant, the gunner and the dead Lapps failed to reveal anything that would help the police sergeant in his search for the base of the Nazi agents in the Hudson's Bay area.

"Where did you meet Johannes Schmidt and the Lapps when you were fleeing from Belcher Islands in the Spring?" Big Jim asked Charley Ouyerack soberly.

"They were north of Tuokarak Island," Charley replied.

The police sergeant then turned to Peter Sala and said: "When I followed you from the trading post at Belcher, you went north and met the party at the mouth of the Nastapoke River."

"Right," agreed Peter Sala.

"And when the survivors of the *Assiniboine* found shelter on the Sleepers Islands, John and his men were already heading northward. I tracked them and you to the Ottawa Islands and Pavungnituk Bay."

The Kittoktangmiut Eskimos agreed with the sergeant's analysis.

"In that whole area," Big Jim concluded, "there is no place where they had a permanent camp, a camp from which they could broadcast the message picked up in the skin tent at Povungnituk or in the court marquee at Belcher Islands. All of their operations have been closer to the eastern shores of Hudson's Bay, so we ought to be able to assume that they have their base in that area."

Bob Sedgewick and Arthur Comstock nodded soberly. The Eskimos sat around on the benches of the whaleboat, chewing blubber and smoking stone pipes. Some of them were busy cleaning and polishing the knives and sealing spears that had wrought such havoc among the Lapps.

The bodies of the dead had been thrown overboard with scant ceremony. Only the remains of Lieutenant Schmidt were aboard, and they had been sewn into a roll of tarpaulin. The German whaleboat was moored to the stern thwart of the police ship, and the auxiliary motor on the Belcher Island craft was just turning over enough to give the craft steering way.

Sergeant Malloy took the Hudson's Bay charts they had been using in navigation and spread them out before him. Bob Sedgewick and Lieutenant Comstock rolled several of the three gallon cans of fruits and vegetables from beneath the benches and brought them together for a makeshift table. The cans had been brought aboard to serve as rations for the journey, the balance to be left at Chesterfield for prisoners' stores.

With the cans providing a firm foundation, the

map was now spread out until it showed all of the Hudson's Bay area from Partridge Island and Sandy Point on the south to Daly Bay and Digges Island on the north, and from Minto Lake and Cape Jones on the east to Cape Churchill and Baker Foreland on the west.

The sergeant took a colored pencil from his pocket. With this he made a mark on the map, and with a nod toward Comstock he said:

"According to Art, we're about here now!"

"Right," agreed the naval lieutenant.

"The *Athabasca* was raided and burned up here, about halfway across the bay between Driftwood Point and Ottawa Islands. The radio operator gave their position as 60 degrees North Latitude, 86 degrees West Longitude."

The two white men nodded their heads. Jim Malloy made another mark on the map, put down the latitude and longitude readings, and marked it *Athabasca*. The natives watched the procedure with interest.

"The *Assiniboine* was set afire further east," Big Jim Malloy reflected. "According to Captain Breasted's report it was at 56 degrees 15 minutes North Latitude and 77 degrees 20 minutes West Longitude."

Another mark went down on the chart.

There was discussion and suggestion for several minutes. Then Big Jim Malloy folded up the maps slowly and said:

"Maybe we can work better on a full stomach. Let's open a few of these cans and get ahead with

our meal. We've done a good afternoon's work so far, and we've earned a feed."

The others agreed, and Big Jim Malloy rolled several of the cans to Charley Ouyerack, George Luokara and Peter Sala for distribution among the Eskimos. They waded into the preserved food without delay.

The police sergeant, the newspaperman and the naval lieutenant went about their repast in a more leisurely manner. When they were finished, Big Jim Malloy said:

"Gather up the cans and bring them here."

Bob Sedgewick laughed as he climbed across the benches rounding up the big metal containers. As he piled them in front of Malloy, he said:

"Sergeant James Malloy, the one-man salvage committee. I'll bet we can make at least a jeep out of these cans."

"Maybe," agreed the sergeant. "But all kidding aside, now that you fellows have a full stomach, do you think you might be up to some real fighting before the night's out?"

Sedgewick and Comstock pricked up their ears. The Eskimos crowded around the sergeant until it seemed they would capsize the boat. Big Jim Malloy said nothing definite about his immediate plans or about the ideas that had formulated his decision. Instead he said:

"We're a little crowded in this boat. First of all we'll divide up in the two boats we have. Comstock will stay here with me. Sedgewick will take charge of the other boat. We'll sail with the usual

lights, but you'll keep dark. Remember, so far as our enemy knows, there's only one boat abroad on the waters of Hudson's Bay tonight, and that's supposed to be Lieutenant Schmidt's boat."

Big Jim Malloy outlined instructions for the two Eskimo bands, and then stationed the Kittoktang-miuts in Bob Sedgewick's boat. The auxiliary motors were started and moments later the two craft were in motion.

"Keep her headed eastward," the sergeant told Comstock.

"Aye, aye, Sir," laughed the lieutenant.

And for several hours the whaleboats moved along. The Eskimos were trying to catch some sleep, so they would be well rested in the event of any violent action later on. George Luokara remained awake, and he stood alert beside Big Jim Malloy.

The police sergeant gathered the three-gallon cans about him like a mother hen about to hatch her chicks. He dipped the gleaming tin containers over the side, cleansed them of syrup and juice, and dried them out carefully. Then he stood them in a row on the bench before him.

When he had finished, he bent over the compass and binnacle beside him, checked a few figures, and then turned back to Comstock and called:

"Bear south-southeast about two points!"

"Very good, sir" replied the lieutenant jovially. "As the Flying Dutchman used to say, 'We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way'." The lieutenant began whistling songs from the opera, and Big Jim Malloy went back to his work. George

Luokara watched every movement of the sergeant's fingers. His native intelligence was such that he would be able to duplicate the police officer's every motion if necessary.

The sergeant opened the long chest from which the automatic rifles had come, and drew out a water-proof bag. He unwrapped several packages carefully, laid aside the wrappings. Then he took one of the three-gallon cans, and stowed his package in it gingerly. The packing that had come with it was stowed carefully around the inner side of the can.

Big Jim Malloy put the can down gently, and braced it so that it would not roll with the pitch and toss of the whaleboat. Both Comstock and Luokara watched with interest as Big Jim Malloy continued his work until he had eight of the cans prepared.

Finally the lieutenant couldn't contain his curiosity any longer.

"What have you got there, Sergeant?" he asked, as the police officer replaced the metal covers on the refilled cans, and sealing them with a portable soldering set carried in the whale-boats for emergency repairs to the metal sides of the craft.

"Dynamite!" Jim Malloy replied succinctly.

Comstock's face went drab under the wind-whipped bronze left from his seafaring days. Then his mouth drew down at the corners, and he said:

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked.

"I'm going fishing," Sergeant Malloy answered.

"Shame on you," Lieutenant Comstock replied soberly, "don't you know it's against the law to dynamite for fish? What will you do when the red-

coats come after you?"

"I'm not interested in the redcoats right now," Malloy gritted, "I'm more interested in the yellowbacks, and I can't get to them any too soon to suit me."

Comstock nodded soberly. "I think I understand," he said.

He lashed the tiller, adjusted the throttle on the auxiliary motor, and then came forward to the charts Big Jim Malloy had been studying before the pick-up meal. He ran his fingers over the course they were following, saw the broad arc appearing on the chart as they covered the darkening sea. Then he said:

"No wonder you're the great copper you are, Jim. We've all been pretty blind. Save me a shot at them, won't you?"

"There'll probably be plenty of shooting for all of us. I don't think this bunch is going to be taken as easily as Lieutenant Schmidt's boys were. They won't be ignorant Laplanders, who were probaly roped into something they knew nothing about. This is the main outfit—they'll be tough to handle."

The two boats moved ahead. The summer night closed down about them. Tonight the sky was not lit by any moon, and as though the very elements realized the importance of the drama that was being played out to its finale on the waters of Hudson's Bay, heavy clouds blacked out the stars.

When they were close to their new objective, Big Jim Malloy signalled to Bob Sedgewick's boat and the other craft drew alongside.

"No loud talking from now on," the police officer cautioned. "We're going to stop up ahead. When we do, you go on about a quarter of a mile or so. Keep your eye on us, have that one-pound gun loaded, and your natives on their toes. We're liable to find trouble in big bunches at any minute, and we want to be ready for it."

"Right," the newspaperman said. "We'll hold up our end." Then in a lighter vein he asked: "What are we doing? Going fishing?"

"Yes," Big Jim declared crisply, "for tin fish!"

The slang meant nothing to the Eskimos, but it put fever into Bob's veins. He firmed his jaw, and then said:

"So that's the way it is? Well, I'll do my part. Good hunting!"

Lieutenant Comstock brought his boat into position, checked and re-checked several times, then switched off his auxiliary engine.

"We don't want them to hear us on their detectors," he said crisply.

Sergeant Malloy nodded.

"Right. I don't care whether they hear Sedgewick or not. It's their own boat, and they'll probably recognize it."

The police sergeant was busy with added precautions on the improvised depth charges he had fashioned, and he attached primers and timers to them. Then he called to Comstock and said:

"Where's Sedgewick now?"

"About in position," the lieutenant replied.

"Okay," Sergeant Malloy declared. "Stand by to

come about, and then get that motor of ours going so we can race away from here pretty fast."

"Aye-aye, sir," the lieutenant declared. There was a note of subdued excitement in the hoarse whisper of response.

Sergeant Malloy was in the stern beside Comstock. He had taken one of the wooden benches and tilted it over the rear of the vessel. His eight fruit and vegetable cans were laid on their sides on the broad board.

"Are we set?" he asked the lieutenant.

"Set!" gritted the officer.

"On the target?" asked the sergeant.

"On the target!" repeated the naval commander.

The motor of the whaleboat leaped into renewed life. The propellers caught hold and the craft moved ahead. George Luokara had wakened the Eskimos. They were standing to, and watched with interest as the eight cans went overboard at intervals of about twenty yards.

"Circle around to come back," Sergeant Malloy crisped.

Even as he spoke there was a terrific explosion. The water about two hundred yards behind them geysered into the air. At quick intervals other water-spouts broke from the sea, and the Eskimos watched the display with awe. The stares they directed toward the sergeant indicated their belief that he was some sort of miracle worker.

The waters of the bay churned and foamed for many minutes afterward. Big Jim held his breath and opened his mouth to equalize the air pressure on

his ear drums. Then he lifted one of the automatic rifles and held it across his lap, his practised fingers checking the mechanism and loading the weapon.

After the concussion had subsided and the waters were again returning to their summer night calm, Big Jim turned to Comstock and said:

"Looks as though we've drawn a blank. But it was worth a try!"

"Blank, nothing!" Comstock shouted jubilantly. "Take a look off the starboard bow there!"

Big Jim Malloy whirled around. A huge black hulk was looming up on the surface of the water. Green foam was kicking out from each side of the grilled duckboards. A three-inch gun, covered with gleaming tarpaulin was visible in the searchlight beam from the police boat.

Around the conning tower were brackets for several machine-guns. The submarine wallowed in the trough of the sea, as though the improvised ash-cans contrived by the resourceful sergeant had cracked the seams of the submarine.

As the searchlight moved along the black sides of the undersea vessel and picked up the swastika and the number U-227 that was etched on the conning tower, the Eskimos were treated to their first sight of one of Germany's huge ocean-going U-boats.

There was movement on the conning tower, and with a quick wrench of his wrist, the sergeant snapped off the searchlight.

"Lie flat," Malloy ordered. Point your guns through the oarlocks, and brace them between the hole pins. Hold your fire until I challenge them!"

The Eskimos followed orders quickly. Comstock lashed the tiller and dropped to the bottom of the boat. Big Jim sheltered himself as well as he could behind the auxiliary motor. The metal hatch of the conning tower of the submarine banged up and open with a loud clang. Even as it did, Big Jim called:

"Surrender in the name of His Majesty the King!"

The German's answer was a burst of machine-gun fire. As Big Jim had anticipated, it had been aimed for a standing man, and so it splattered over the whaleboat without doing any harm. Nevertheless, Sergeant Jim Malloy let out a realistic groan and pushed one of the oars overboard into the bay with a loud splash.

"*Sehr gut,*" came the comment from the U-boat. "We must have struck the *verdammter Schwein!*"

A searchlight bloomed out from the submarine and swept the black water for several moments before it limned the bobbing whaleboat. While the German commander had his attention riveted on Malloy's craft, the one-pounder on the captured whaleboat screamed into action, and a shell whistled into the conning tower with deadly force.

The missile struck the metal shield above the housing, smashed into dozens of screaming, flying fragments and ricocheted among the members of the German crew who had followed their commander onto the deck.

Convinced that the police boat was unmanned, the German commander ordered his light switched to the flanking boat. This was the very action Big

Jim Malloy was anticipating, and as soon as the whaleboat was again shrouded in darkness, he bellowed his commands.

"Rake them fore and aft," he ordered. "Bob seems to have a bead on the conning tower. He'll make them keep their heads down."

Even as he spoke, the one-pounder opened with a full-throated roar. The searchlight on the submarine went out with a resounding crash of glass, and a hissing of fused metal parts.

There was a rattle of guttural German from the ship's officer, and then Malloy turned to Comstock and shouted:

"Stand by your motor! They're going to make a run for it!"

"We probably smashed their diving planes with your depth charges, but they're able to run on the surface with their Diesel engines," Comstock declared.

The auxiliary motor roared into life. Comstock slid up onto the stern seat, unmindful of a possible hail of machine-gun bullets, and swept the whaleboat over on a course that would quarter the route of the U-boat.

As they drew in close to the undersea craft, the Eskimo gunners, accustomed to shooting at swimming seals and walruses, and birds on the wing, swept the submarine from stem to stern. Several of the Germans who had been trying to get to the deck gun to fight off the whaleboats, clutched at their throats and fell off the gridded deck into the sea.

Then the one-pounder went into action again.

Shredded metal gaped into great holes torn in the protective covering of the conning tower. The submarine was picking up speed. Comstock moved closer and closer with the police craft.

Big Jim Malloy again darted a hand into the waterproof bag containing the dynamite. He cut a short fuse, tamped a percussion cap into place. Then he held the home-made bomb in his hand, and his voice roared out.

"Surrender, or we'll blow you out of the water!"

Even in the midst of this uproar, Big Jim was as calm as though he were on routine patrol. The submarine continued its half-speed run, then darted ahead with a louder throb of its warming engines.

The darkness of the night was broken by the spark of a match. The trim lines of the submarine and the squatly forms of the two whaleboats were shadows in the Arctic night. The chatter of the Eskimos and the shouts and curses of the German sailors intermingled.

Then the short fuse caught fire, and Big Jim Malloy's arm came back like a football star's in his last crucial fifteen seconds of play. The do-or-die pass whistled through the air and went straight and true for the open conning tower.

A rifle barked as the lighted fuse picked out Big Jim's face for an instant. The burly police sergeant grunted. His brain exploded into a thousand pieces, and darting lights pressed against the back of his eyeballs, took the steel out of his arms and legs.

He slumped to the water-filled bottom of the whaleboat.

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## Chapter 22

Big Jim Malloy roused as trickles of water ran down over his eyes, dripped down on either side of his nose, and then ran along both sides of his chin to splatter onto his chest. He opened one eye, then the other. He looked up into the sober face of Bob Sedgewick and then asked:

“Who’s dead?”

Sedgewick’s face softened. Then he said:

“For a time we thought you were. Boy, you sure took a sock on the side of the head, and another bullet through the shoulder. You’ve been out for almost twelve hours.”

For the first time, Sergeant Malloy became aware that it was warm sun that beat down upon him. George Luokara was helping the newspaperman, and the other Eskimos of the Sandy Point band were huddled around. Apparently they had already begun the Eskimo’s wailing and moaning for the dead, but now that Sergeant Jim had come back to life, they changed their chant to one of joy and triumph.

Big Jim pushed himself up to a sitting position,

saw that his tunic had been cut open, and that the bright red had been dyed a darker crimson. The German submarine was anchored about fifty yards away, but it looked as if a powerful hand had twisted and crushed it since Jim had last seen it.

The conning tower was a mass of twisted and fused metal. Grim smears showed as dried spots on the metal.

"Boy, oh boy," Jim laughed. "The old master can still heave those hand grenades right into a rain barrel. That's sure a mess."

He winced as a movement waked the pain in the wound in his shoulder. He felt of the bandage that had been packed there, then touched the packing on the side of his head. Gradually Jim Malloy was re-cataloguing the events of the previous evening. He looked about him, and then asked:

"Where's Comstock and the other boat? And how about the Eskimo prisoners?"

"They headed back for Belcher Islands," Bob Sedgewick explained. "The submarine had a powerful radio sending and receiving station, just as you suspected. After the conning tower explosion killed the commander, the other Germans were willing to surrender. They probably figured the whole bloody British Navy had steamed into Hudson's Bay, and was concentrating on them.

"Comstock got the radio going, picked up Inspector Martin at Belcher Islands and reported the excitement. The Inspector suggested that Comstock come back to Belcher with the three Eskimo prisoners, since you were in no shape to look after them,

and offered to send up a naval crew to take charge of the submarine."

Big Jim Malloy nodded. Then he said:

"I suppose we'll have to hang around here until the sailors show up. But I guess that's about the only rest I'm likely to get. I'll just about hit Belcher Islands and they'll have something else for me to do."

Knowing Big Jim Malloy as he did, Bob Sedgewick realized that swift action was meat and drink to him. His grumbling was the usual finale to any difficult case he had successfully cracked. It was a healthy sign.

"New case nothing," Sedgewick declared. "I talked to the Inspector after Comstock was through. He asked me about the extent of your injuries. I told him you looked as though you'd been through Dunkirk, the siege of Narvik, and the first advance into Libya. He's got you down for a spell in the hospital. You're a lucky guy!"

"Lucky guy nothing," Big Jim growled. "What's lucky about being in a hospital?"

"Think of all the pretty nurses who will want to hold your hand. The big bold Mountie from the Arctic. Why you'll be the toast of the Dominion!"

"Nuts," replied Malloy. "Besides all the good looking nurses are in England, holding the hands of men who get shot in a real he-man's war."

Bob Sedgewick shook his head slowly. In spite of his sturdy body, Big Jim felt tired. Lassitude closed in about him, and he slumped down in the boat. George Luokara lifted him, and said:

"Before you fall asleep, sergeant, you drink broth. It make you strong. It put new spirit into big body."

Jim Malloy smiled, took the bowl the Eskimo offered him, and said:

"Stout fella, Luokara!" Then he was asleep.

George Luokara turned to Sedgewick, put aside the bowl, and then asked:

"Who this fat man, sergeant talk about?"

"Fat man?" there was a puzzled look on Sedgewick's face. Then he laughed and said: "Stout fella? That's a term brought back from the Northwest Provinces in India. It means you've proven a real pal to the redcoat sergeant."

George Luokara beamed. Then he turned away with the empty bowl. There was a new breadth to his shoulders. The other Eskimos had heard. George Luokara was a great hunter. He had not only brought home his seal and his walrus and his white whale, but he had also caught—what was it the white man called it?—the tin fish. Of course it was a big fish, and many men had to help with it, but the redcoat sergeant had singled out George Luokara for special praise.

The day and night passed rapidly, and Big Jim Malloy came out of his sleep several times. Fever burned him for a couple of hours just before morning when life is said to be at its lowest ebb. But just as day broke over the highlands beyond Minto Lake, the fever broke. George Luokara wiped away the beads of sweat, and bathed Jim's forehead from the drinking water bucket.

The police sergeant was normal again that day. He cursed manfully at his weakness, submitted to the changing of his bandages with ill grace, and was finally cheered up only when the government ice-breaker arrived from Churchill bringing the naval crew that would take charge of the submarine and its captive crew members.

Big Jim Malloy's keen mind was again moving along on all cylinders. He made notes on the case with stiff fingers. Then turned to Sedgewick and asked:

"What became of Johannes Schmidt's body?"

"Comstock took it south with him. Also the body of the submarine commander. Said they would have to be taken care of, if we were going to get any information from them."

"Good old Comstock," Big Jim said. "Get a receipt from the navy boys for the submarine, and then we'll be heading home, too."

Bob Sedgewick carried out the suggestion as casually as though the receipting for a captured German submarine and its crew was something that happened in the middle of Hudson's Bay every afternoon in August. Then they were on their way with the whaleboat.

George Luokara had rigged up a canvas canopy over the stern of the boat to keep the afternoon sun from the wounded sergeant while the policeman chatted with Sedgewick. The Sandy Point Eskimos had resumed their endless notched stick game as the boat bobbed along.

After they had left the submarine behind them,

Bob Sedgewick shifted the conversation into the channel that was most fascinating to him, the solution of the Hudson's Bay murders.

"How did you know this John, or Johannes as he proved to be, wasn't an Eskimo?" the newspaperman asked.

Big Jim Malloy was flattered by the interest that Sedgewick took in his investigations, and he said:

"Peter Sala gave me the clue to that. When I asked him about John when I caught up with the fleeing Eskimo killers near Kingwa, he told me that John was indeed an Eskimo, but a big, bearded fellow. Height means a good deal to an Eskimo, because very few of them ever grow more than five feet tall. But there was one thing even Peter Sala had overlooked. An Eskimo is like an American Indian or a Chinaman. They don't have beards!"

Big Jim Malloy leaned back when he had delivered himself of this interesting fact. His right hand went into the pocket of his torn tunic, and he brought out the well mellowed briar. He tapped his plug-cut into it, and then gripped the stub between his teeth.

Bob Sedgewick was assembling his thoughts as the sergeant lighted up, puffed on the pipe, and blew smoke into the air. The dull putt-putt-putt of the motor came as a pulsing background for the story being unfolded beneath the tarpaulin.

"I should have thought of that," Bob acknowledged. "But have you been able to figure out where Charley Ouyerack and the Kittoktangmiuts got the

screwy idea that both Charley and John were able to walk on the water?"

The police sergeant laughed loudly. Then he said: "I thought you'd know the answer to that one yourself. Why you saw at least a dozen men walking on water the night before last."

The newspaperman's mouth dropped open. Then he cudgeled his sluggish mind for a few moments, and finally he said:

"You mean John first met him on the deck of the partly submerged submarine? That Charley stepped off the ice onto the duckboards? Why that sounds fantastic!"

"Many of the facts in this case do sound fantastic," Big Jim Malloy declared. "But you've got to remember several things. First of all, Charley Outerack had never seen a submarine in his life, nor had Peter Sala. If the open water was not wide enough to take the full length of the submarine when it tried to surface, naturally a part of it would be under water. Then again, the sleet and snow constantly blowing across the Bay in the winter months would have coated the deck gun and the conning tower until they were little more than mounds of ice or snow."

Bob Sedgewick reluctantly admitted the logic of this explanation, then he asked:

"But do you mean to tell me that a submarine could get into Hudson's Bay in mid-winter?"

"We don't know that it came in during the winter," Big Jim pointed out. "It might have come in last summer, and remained here for the purposes

it almost accomplished, the paralyzing of the grain shipments and the spreading of terror among the native population. Just when it did arrive can be determined from the captured sailors by the Naval Intelligence officers."

Sedgewick was again the capable and energetic newspaperman. He jotted down Big Jim Malloy's conclusions, and his own observations.

"You look as though you're still skeptical about some of the angles of the submarine story," Sergeant Malloy declared, as he watched the American correspondent taking down his notes. "But there's one thing you're forgetting. Our Sir Hubert Wilkins and your Commander Danenhower took a submarine, the *Nautilus* on a trip toward the North Pole up north of Spitzbergen. They had a reinforced hull, and serrated teeth for cutting through the ice. Since then, Germany's undersea giants have been equipped with cutting materials designed to break through submarine nets and mine cables. A cake of ice would be duck soup for them, as you call it."

"I never thought of Wilkins and Danenhower and the *Nautilus*," Bob Sedgewick conceded. "I'm almost as bad as the Eskimos, letting my own ignorance make the whole thing sound much more difficult than it really is."

Sergeant Malloy leaned back to ease his aching body. The sun was moving down toward the horizon and George Luokara came up to adjust the shading tarpaulin. Sedgewick's pencil was sliding across the paper, and he said:

"Now all I need is the name of the big shot re-

sponsible for this business. Who was it?"

"You're hurrying me," Big Jim declared. "Remember you and Comstock got rid of the submarine commander before I had a chance to look at him. I'll have to get to Belcher and look at the body before I'm sure. Although I'm pretty certain right now. You writers make a great fuss about suspense. It's a two-edged sword, my friend, and now I'm going to turn it against you."

"Do I know the man?" Bob Sedgewick asked with a smile.

"He's figured in the case before, if that's what you mean," Big Jim Malloy admitted. "That's all I'm going to tell you now. I want to catch up on some of my strength, so I'll be able to walk ashore at Belcher Islands tomorrow morning."

Bob Sedgewick knew he wouldn't be able to pry any more information out of the burly sergeant. He decided that he might as well get some sleep, too. George Luokara was in familiar territory, and could be depended upon to bring the whaleboat and its passengers into Belcher Islands without mishap.

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## Chapter 23

Big Jim Malloy managed to walk from the docked whaleboat to the Post Headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company at Belcher Islands on the following morning under his own power, and he maintained a certain dignity while doing it. But he was more than willing to settle down into the comforting arms of the Morris chair when the rugged log door of the post building had closed behind him.

Inspector Martin was there to greet him, and Doctor Orford immediately busied himself over Big Jim's wounds. He examined them carefully for inflammation, and then cleansed and re-bandaged them. Lieutenant Comstock was standing in the background, and when he got a nod from the sergeant, he hurried forward with outstretched hands.

"How are you, Jim?" he asked. "It was a dirty trick leaving you up there in the middle of the bay, but it was the Inspector's orders, you know."

"It worked out okay," Jim replied. "I had to see that the Navy took care of that submarine. I'm going to have it mounted and put over the mantelpiece in my living room—if I ever have one."

The other men laughed. Then Bob Sedgewick joined them and asked:

"Do we clear up the business of this super-Nazi agent now, or do I have to go slowly wacky waiting for you to get around to it?"

"A very timely question," Inspector Martin declared. "The sergeant's hand grenade did a good job of making mincemeat out of most of the fellow's face. We'd like to know who he is, too."

Sergeant James Malloy was his usual calm, collected self. Instead of flinging the name of the Nazi submarine commander into the middle of the collected group, he turned to the Inspector and asked:

"Did you release Otto Mulhouse?"

"I did," replied the Inspector. "Let him out of the room and told him he was free to go, the minute your whaleboat turned north toward Chesterfield Inlet."

"And did you catch the Lapp who was posing as an Eskimo?"

"We did," Martin answered. "He's gone to Chesterfield with the three Eskimos."

Bob Sedgewick chuckled. Then he took out his notebook and jotted down the comments. He said:

"So it was Otto Mulhouse, was it? Well, I'm glad to hear that. I'm going to put it on the wire right away. I had my suspicions of that guy right along."

The newspaperman turned to leave the room. Big Jim Malloy moved half out of his chair and then said:

"Where are you going? I never saw such a fel-

low for going off half-cocked. Let's take a stroll into the ice-house where they're keeping Schmidt and the submarine commander."

The quartet adjourned to the ice-house, and Big Jim stood beside the cadaver of the submarine commander. He began expounding his remarks like a professor of anatomy at a select school.

"You will note that the submarine captain has white hair; Otto Mulhause was a comparatively young man. His hair was dark. You'll see several tattoo marks on this body, as well as a curious scar on his right shoulder. My friends, this is Captain Louis Breasted of the *Assiniboine*!"

"Louis Breasted?" the chorus was a mixture of question and astonishment.

"Of course," replied Big Jim Malloy calmly. "You can check his identifying marks with his passports and officer's papers. With the *Assiniboine* fast in the ice for all of last winter, he had plenty of time to go on hunting and fishing trips which really took him to the submarine, where he talked with Johannes Schmidt, his second-in-command."

"But where does Otto Mulhause fit into all of this?" Bob Sedgewick asked. "He had the boots that matched the print, even though they were a different size. They must have come from the submarine too."

"They did," Sergeant Malloy agreed. The chill air of the ice-house was irritating his wounds, and he led the way back toward the main room of the post. As he walked, he said: "Otto Mulhause was a first-class decoy for Captain Breasted if anything

went wrong. His World War record would be against him if he was found in any suspicious circumstances. Unwittingly, however, Otto was the man who led us to Captain Breasted, instead of Breasted pointing the way to Mulhouse, as he had intended."

"How did that work out?" Comstock asked.

"Otto and the captain shared a cabin on the *Assiniboine*. On his earliest trip to the submarine, Captain Breasted made arrangements for Schmidt's raid on the grain carrier, and the fire. Otto and the other sailors knew nothing about it. It was at night, of course, and in the excitement, Otto Mulhouse grabbed Captain Breasted's boots instead of his own. They were good boots, and he kept them. The captain didn't mind, for if he thought about the boots at all, he probably figured they had been burned with the ship. Apparently the Germans thought nothing about the trademarks on the boots, otherwise Johannes Schmidt's boots wouldn't have given me the important clue they did."

"So that was it," the naval lieutenant laughed.

"Just about," Inspector Martin declared. "When Sergeant Malloy found the boots in Otto Mulhouse's room, he asked Otto where he got them. Otto told a straightforward story, and Big Jim Malloy did some checking up with Churchill before he started north with the prisoners. I suppose that's when he got the identifying marks that were later found on Breasted's body."

"Right," the sergeant declared. "And now I think I'll take that rest the Inspector promised me."

Martin and Comstock excused themselves. Big Jim Malloy turned his attention to his pipe. George Luokara came into the room with a smiling Leta at his side and said:

"Luokara and his woman come to say good-bye. Much pleasure to know Big Jim in red coat. We go back to Sandy Point."

"Okay, stout fella," Big Jim said soberly. "Thanks for everything, and give my regards to the dominie."

He shook hands with George, and patted Leta on the shoulder. Then the two natives left. During this little byplay, Bob Sedgewick had been hovering about in the background, making violent motions.

"What's the matter with you?" Big Jim asked. "Are you having a fit? Or don't you know a good story when you see it?"

Bob Sedgewick gulped, then cleared his throat and said:

"There's still one point I'm not clear about. Lieutenant Comstock and the Inspector seem to know all about it, so I'm probably the only one who is dumb. But how did you know just where to go to look for the submarine?"

Sergeant Malloy shifted his pipe to the other corner of his mouth, reached into his wallet and took out a worn yellow bit of paper. He straightened this out on the arm of the chair, and Bob Sedgewick leaned over to look at it. He saw a series of numbers. They read:

"7-9-4-0-5-7-10.

"René Le Compte's numbers," Bob Sedgewick

said in awe. "The ones he mumbled out there on the St. Lawrence River, the night he was shot by the commander of the U-219."

"Exactly," Big Jim Malloy explained. "No one seemed to realize what they meant. But René Le Compte was supplying submarines. The usual method for finding a ship at sea is by latitude and longitude. When I started to put down the figures on the map of Hudson's Bay after we had wiped out Lieutenant Schmidt's party, it occurred to me that those numbers might be a location. I broke them down and what did I get?"

Bob Sedgewick held the crinkled paper between thumb and forefinger and read slowly:

"Longitude 79 degrees 40 minutes West, Latitude 57 degrees 10 minutes North."

"Exactly," the sergeant concurred. "That's the area that is almost in the center of the open water in the triangle formed by the Belcher Islands, the Baker's Dozen and King George Islands. The location was convenient to all points where any of the events in this case had taken place. Since I had been over that area three times without finding any trace of a surface vessel, and since such a vessel would have been spotted immediately by the natives, a submarine was the only answer."

Big Jim Malloy ground down on his pipe stem. Bob Sedgewick closed his book over his pencil. Outside the bell tolled for meal-time. On the surface of the inlet at the edge of the rocky terrain, whale-boats were moving about. The roar and drone of the *Norseman's* motor came to their ears, as it warmed

up for the journey southward.

The S. S. *Fort Charles* was already well on its way to Moose Factory and Moosonee with the judicial party. Inspector Martin would be able to face the Assistant Commissioner or the Home Secretary or anyone who was interested in the happenings connected with the Hudson's Bay Murders.

Peace had returned to the Belcher Islands. And Sergeant Jim Malloy had brought the final olive branch.

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